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The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to
advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the
most intelligent and influential of the community.
It is published as second-class mail matter.

Agricultural.

Care of Breeding Stock.

We have many times pointed out the fact
that we do not consider the condition in
which many think it necessary to put their
animals for the show ring or for exhibition
at the fairs is a good preparation for making
prolific breeders of good, vigorous stock.
We have even advised people to avoid the
prize winners in such show animals, as
likely to prove barren, or to get only feeble,
slow-maturing and inferior young.

But there is a vast difference between the
condition of these animals and the breeding
stock in the hands of the average good
farmer. We do not think many of them
err upon the side of keeping breeding stock
too fat, unless it is some choice animal that
they bought fat and are trying to keep
looking as well as when brought home.

There is danger in going to the other ex-
treme and not keeping them sufficiently
well nourished to give them vitality and
energy enough to produce strong and thrifty
young. We have seen such cases more than
once or twice, but more often in the female
than the male. The cow that during the
period which she is expected to go dry
before she drops her calf gets only
rough fodder, and that often of the poor-
est, that is exposed to cold storms, or is
kept in a cold barn in winter, is apt to
be losing flesh all of that time, and she
will have but a poor, lean and weak calf,
though she goes dry six months, instead of
three. She will not have strength to go
through with it well, and possibly may re-
tain the placenta until she is seriously ill,
and has made the calf so. She will require
careful feeding and nursing to bring her to
a full flow of milk, and often cannot be
brought at all, even when turned to good
pasture, to anything like the amount she
should have given.

We want a cow to have grain every day
up to her time of calving, not heating, con-
stipating grain, like cornmeal, cottonseed
or linseed meals, but a quart or two of
wheat bran or oat meal, which with good
clover or early-cut fine hay will keep up the
flesh and strength and keep the bowels in
good condition. They also are the foods
containing the protein or flesh and muscle
forming elements, and they are not injured
by the addition of roots or ensilage in
proper proportion.

But with proper feeding should also go
care in regard to exercise, and this may be
said to be more needed by the strong, vig-
orous male than by the female, and we care
not what the stock may be, horse, cattle,
sheep, swine or poultry, the male should
have frequent and regular exercise, with-
out his being overworked. Yet the con-
trary is the more general rule. The male is
confined to the dry pen or stall, and but
few take him out for exercise. His muscles
grow soft, and he lacks vitality, and thus
also lacks in that propensity, or power to
reproduce the character of his ancestry, or
those good qualities for which we value
the pure-bred animal, and which we had a
right to expect.

One reason for a fact that farmers have
often noticed and commented upon, that a
bull calf is larger, stronger and grows more
rapidly than one dropped in the spring, is
that the cow is better fed, for the grass is
almost a perfectly balanced ration, if the
pasture is not too rich or too highly man-
ured, and another is that in the fall past-
ure she gets the exercise in the open air
that strengthens her and her coming young.
If the pasture is true it is also true of other
animals.

While the animals are young and growing,
there is but little fear of their getting too
fat, the food is such as we have named
above, even when they are fed liberally. By
proper care and feed we can cause the
animals to mature more rapidly and
reach a proper age for breeding much
earlier than they would under the old meth-
ods of wintering at the straw stack, or
the poorest fodder in the barn, and a
small allowance at that. But do
not breed too young, or requiring
so much service before they are
fully matured. We have seen a Jersey
heifer less than a year old with a calf by
her side, and the reputed sire of the calf was
about the same age. We thought that was
a fine year too early for either the male
or female. Yet we would prefer to have a
heifer some fresh when two years old rather
than three, if she had been properly cared
for.

We would not like to have ewes put to breed-
ing before one year old, though we have had
yearling ewes raise a good lamb. The sow
may breed at six months old, but we would
prefer to wait two months longer. The boar
also at six months, but the number of sows
he is bred to should be limited, as if it is not

he may prove unproductive, or get small
litters of small pigs.
The bull that is to be used upon the ranch,
or the boar that is to range in the past-
ure, should be well matured and not pam-
pered and fed to bring early maturity, as
would be one on a small farm, confined to a
small yard. He will need to be more hardy,
because of his exposure to all the changes
of weather, and his more exercise.

Not the least in the care of breeding stock
is the importance of always handling them
gently, to keep them in good temper. Not
only does a bad disposition make them un-
pleasant to handle and often dangerous, but
they may transmit this ungiveness to their
young. We have seen colts and calves that
had as evidently inherited evil tempers and

well in a woods pasture without any other
food than the acorns they find there. Ad-
joining is a field of rye into which they will
be turned later. He grows sorghum to give
them in the winter. Will also feed mid-
dlings for about a month before farrowing.
If it is as cheap as corn, but will begin to
give corn a week or two after farrowing.
While this may be good doctrine for Indiana,
it is scarcely adapted to New England and
New York. In this colder climate, even with
the well-built houses and yards, the propor-
tion of cornmeal in the feed needs to be
increased over what would be given there,
for the very reason that he says is a fault in
it, because it is heating. We would not try
to keep a brood sow through the winter to
farrow in the spring unless about one-third

records of their ancestors. But the
well-established agricultural paper which
is careful not to advertise humbugs, will
usually prove the best medium for reach-
ing the class that, if not able or willing to
pay the highest prices, will be most bene-
fited by the introduction of new blood and
pure blood, bred and reared for some spe-
cial purpose other than that of perpetu-
ating their species. The special purpose pub-
lication brings together the breeders who
may be ready to sell or buy at high prices
of one another, but the truly agricultural
paper brings the breeder into touch with
a class who need to buy, but must sell what
they have, and what they gain by grading
up with pure-bred animals, at its market
value for food.

kind of poison, and we never saw that such
milk hurt them any, as it was by no means
a steady or frequent diet.

But Professor Ward treats of another kind
of ropiness in milk and cream, which is not
apparent until twelve hours or more after it
has been drawn from a cow with an appar-
ently healthy condition of the udder and the
whole system. It gradually becomesropy
or glutinous, adhering to anything it
touches, and stringing out into threads like
molasses or honey.

He writes as if he thought this condition
did not make the milk injurious to the
health of those who may partake of it, but
harmful to the producer, because its appear-
ance is disgusting to buyers, who will avoid
buying such milk when they find the trouble

duces the milk, and thus impart to it some
of their qualities, as the flavor of the onion
or turnip. Why may not these living micro-
scopical organisms of bacteria go along
with them?

Should not one of the first conditions be,
when this trouble is known or suspected to
exist, to insure that only pure water is
given, and all sources examined which may
be thought to contain such bacteria? If
they are to be found in the water used at
the house or barn for washing pails and
strainers, we cannot trust even our own
wells.

What surely have we that such milk is
not unwholesome as well as unpleasant to
drink or to look upon? If it is due to
bacteria in the water, is the water whole-
some, even if it does not become rosy? If
water thus affects the milk of the cow, why
may it not also have its effect upon the
milk of the mothers of our infants? These
are a few of the questions that we would
ask of Professor Ward or any other pro-
fessor who has investigated the matter, for
we frankly say that we do not think such a
change could take place in milk and cream
with making it unwholesome as a food, at
least for infants and those of weak digestive
powers.

We have seen cream assume this viscid,
ropy, stringy character when being churned,
and the butter maker told us that it did not
come to butter, or if it did it was only a small
part of what should have been from the
amount of cream, and even that of very
poor quality. If good butter or good cheese
cannot be made from milk, we want none
of the milk.

Bacteria, like animalcules, have probably
existed from the beginning, and we have
eaten, drank and breathed them for many
years, and are still alive, but when the
professors tell us about them, let them tell
us how to avoid such as give us pains and
aches and sick days.

Notes from the Green Mountains.

At this date there is no sleighing here.
The fields are brown and bare. The first
snow of the season was falling at midnight
of Oct. 21, the last ten days of the month
being the open season, and the hunting of
deer commenced. A party of young men,
two of them from New Salem, Mass.,
camped upon Mt. Abraham, and after leav-
ing their camp on the morning of Oct. 22,
discovered a bear's track and followed the
trail until it was obliterated by the fast
falling snow.

This snow did not remain, however, but
another snowstorm of Nov. 10 was sufficient
for sleighing, and it continued to snow at
intervals of a few days; and upon the morn-
ing of Thanksgiving Day, many roads were
blocked and the severe cold prevented
many gatherings upon that occasion.
Thanksgiving eve the Lincoln Lumber Com-
pany's plant, for the manufacture of butter
tubs and boxes, was destroyed by fire.

After a month of good sleighing a thaw
set in, Dec. 10, which carried off the snow
and raised the streams, and the volume of
water is still high.

Bulletin No. 50 of the Vermont Experi-
ment Station is entitled "Apple Growing in
Addison County." It estimates the number
of bearing trees, standard varieties, to be
26,580, the crop of 1900 30,660 barrels, of 1901
10,870 barrels. In my own opinion this is an
under estimate, both of trees and apples,
taking in all the towns in the county.

Grand Isle County produces about one
half as many apples as Addison County, but
still claims pre-eminence from the fact that
Addison has a larger area, having 367,153
acres in farms, while the island county has
but 47,250 acres.

Though Grand Island citizens have re-
marked that their apple growing was the
greatest in the State, it is a fact that Addi-
son County produces a considerable larger
quantity of apples every year. The princi-
pal buyers and the best judges of quality
prefer the island apples, and any superficial
observer, touring the two counties, would
say, unhesitatingly, that Grand Island grew
the best fruit. He would also be likely to
say that the methods of caring for orchards
were very much better in the little county.

In this respect the Addison practice is not
up to what it should be, and this is chiefly
what moves the Experiment Station people
to go over the ground thoroughly and pub-
lish this bulletin of observation. The hope
is that when attention is called to the im-
portance of the apple industry in Addison
County, and to the insufficient care which
the orcharders give, and to the gratifying
results of better methods, then some general
improvement will follow.

The great advance recently made in Grand
Island County in the fruit industry is
chiefly due to the enterprise of the men
themselves, and we feel sure that the apple
growers of that district will give the Ex-
periment Station credit for having been of
material assistance. S. S. STEARNS.
South Lincoln, Vt., Dec. 27.

The annual report of the Commissioner of
Agriculture for the State of New York to
the Legislature, says there has been but
comparatively little oleomargarine sold in
that State during the past year. The ma-
jority of cases where it was detected were
in New York city, and he thinks the greater
number of those who handled it were de-
tected. The milk received in New York
city in 1901 was 14,000,000 cans of 40
quarts each. They detected 4100 violations
of the milk laws. They have tested 400
cows with tuberculin for tuberculosis,
and thirty horses were tested for glanders.
There were grown in the State about 47,000
tons of sugar beets, from which should be
made about nine million pounds of sugar.
They have inspected 7156 acres of nursery
stock and 274 acres of vineyards for the San
Jose scale, and issued 420 certificates to their
owners. The number of fruit trees in-
spected was 32,162,604, while the year be-
fore then 25,655,308 trees were inspected.



CROSSED STRAWBERRIES, FROM SEEDS PRODUCED THE PRECEDING YEAR.

Dairy Notes.

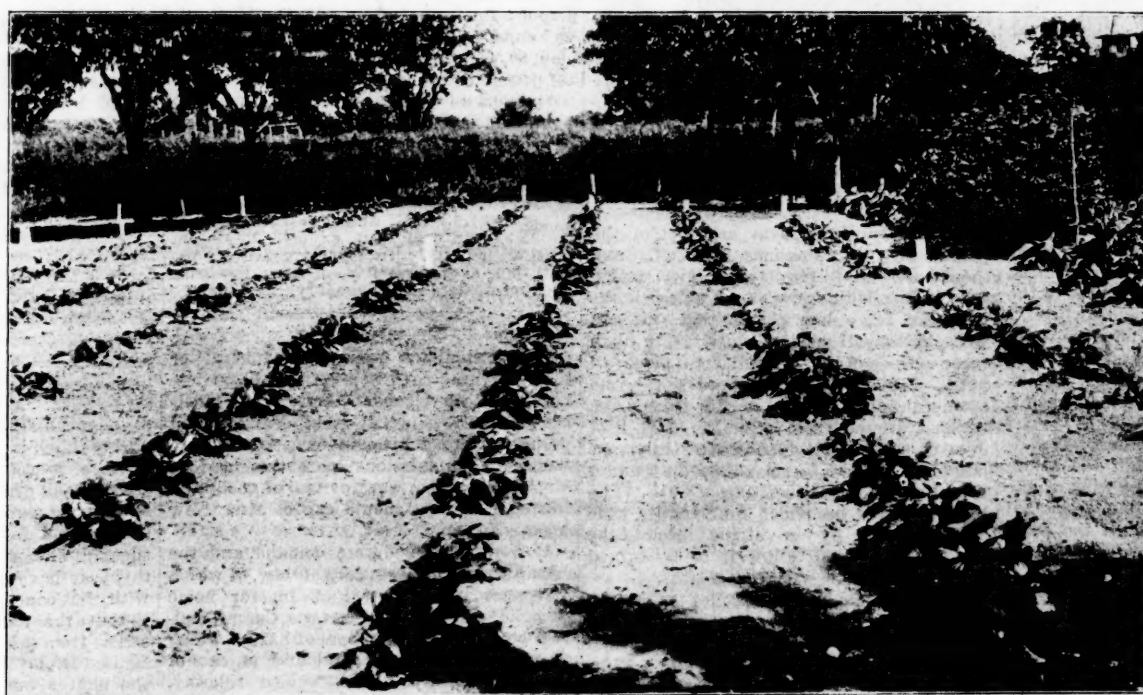
The bulletin lately sent out by Prof.
A. B. Ward of the Cornell Experiment
Station at Ithaca, N. Y., in regard to "ropy
milk and cream," treats upon a trouble that
we never chanced to experience, though we
had heard and read of it before. We have
had what we called ropy, stringy or lumpy
milk when it was drawn from the udder,
and sometimes the first notice of it we had
was to find that the milk would not pass
through a cloth strainer.

In some cases we found the udder and

to exist. We do not blame them, and we
should have our doubts about the whole-
some of such ropy milk or its dis-
turbance.

But he claims this to be due to bac-
teria, and such bacteria as live naturally
in water. As we never saw bacteria or
bacilli, and would not recognize them under
a microscope, we will accept his opinion,
and give his directions for avoiding them.

"After milking at night the milk pails
and strainer cloth should be washed and
sealed before using in the morning, or a



THE STRAWBERRY GARDEN.—CROSS-BRED PLANTS IN THE THREE ROWS IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT.
Kindly loaned by the R. I. Agricultural College, Kingston, R. I.

Live Stock Notes.

A Kansas cattle grower says there are
now thousands of cattle grazing in the
wheat fields of Kansas, and look in first-
rate condition. The owners pay the
farmers seventy-five cents to \$1 a month
per head for the grazing, and he thinks the
farmers are making the most money out of
it. The cattle get fat upon the wheat, but
the flesh is not hard. He has known thou-
sands of pounds each from the time they leave
the wheat field until they reach the scales at
the markets. If they could be stall-fed for
a while on hay and grain after they are
taken out, it would not be so bad, but they
will not go back to dry feed after a few
months on the wheat.

One of the executive committee on jacks
and mules at the International Exposition
has sent out a request for those who breed
or keep those animals to send in their entries
soon. He makes the claim that throughout
the United States mules are assessed \$10
higher on average animals than are horses.
He instances Connecticut, where horses
have an average value of \$73.06 and mules
average \$87.33 each. In the capital city of
Washington mules have an average value of
\$74.69 and horses are rated at \$67.93. He
also claims that the European government
has spent \$10,000,000 in this country within
a short time for mules, and now one thou-
sand carloads of mules are being shipped
from Fort Worth in Texas to be used by the
British government in their wars.

A contributor to the Indiana Farmer says
that the average farmer could dispense with
any of the other common feed stuffs better
than with corn. Yet the stock hogs would
do better with less corn and more of other
feeds. The hogs in winter do not get bulk
enough in their feed. His brood sows do

trough of their own. Our woods pastures
in this section do not produce many acorns
or nuts of any kind, except the groves of
chestnuts, too valuable to use as hog feed
when not invested with worms. Early-cut
clover hay is a better feed for the hogs in
winter than sorghum, and a rye pasture we
think very poor pasture for them. We
would prefer to grow roots, turnips or
mangel wurtzels to feed a few in the winter
than sorghum, and a good field of rye can
be more profitably used than as a hog
pasture. The straw would sell for enough
to buy clover hay and corn meal, that would
be worth more to the hogs than the rye
would be.

The stock breeder who wishes to sell some
of his pure-bred animals for breeding pur-
poses, whether it may be of cattle, sheep,
swine or poultry, needs to advertise. The
most successful breeders, or those who make
the most money, are those who have made
themselves known by advertising. If they
pay or receive an extra price for an animal
of extra quality they do not keep it a secret,
but manage to let it be known, even if
they have to pay advertising rates to se-
cure its publication. That is one way of
making themselves and their stock known
and commented upon. Exhibiting at fairs
is another way, and often proves profit-
able, even though the premiums gained do
not equal in value the cost of exhibiting.
Another way, and not the least important,
is to always send out animals as near to
perfection as possible, and exactly as rep-
resented. This makes every buyer a walking
advertisement to praise the stock and the
breeder.

In placing advertisements, the
local paper should be neglected not the
special purpose paper, devoted to only the
kind of stock which you may have, this
being especially useful for advertising the
very fancy and high-priced stock that al-
ready has a reputation established by the

tests, or a part of them, inflamed, swollen
and sore, and the milk in the same condi-
tion, and in a few instances we were able to
trace this to a blow or kick from another
animal, or were confident that it had been
caused by the hunting of a hungry calf, or
by too hard pressure of one who was trying
to milk rapidly. In other cases we thought
it might have been caused by the milk not
having milked the udder dry, and leaving
milk to change and ferment in the milk
glands.

Perhaps we were very ignorant then,
knowing nothing about bacteria, and we
called all such cases garget, or more properly
mammitis, or inflammation of the udder,
even when there was no apparent swelling
or soreness. But we always succeeded in
removing the trouble by giving about an
ounce or tablespoonful of saltpetre in a little
grain after we had finished milking. It did
not always yield to the first treatment, but
did not often fail to give way at the third
dose, especially as, if the udder or teat was
swollen or inflamed, we gave fomentations
of hot water as hot as we could bear our
hand in, and rubbed the afflicted part freely,
and sometimes in bad cases three or four
times a day, drawing all the milk we could
at the same time.

We knew or thought that in some cases
the injury to the udder or teat caused the
inflammation, and the consequent local fever-
ish condition affected the milk. In other
cases we thought a feverish condition of
the animal, caused by taking cold, or by indig-
estation from improper food or over-feeding,
affected the milk first, and that affected the
milk glands of the udder. In either case we
thought all such milk was unfit to use for
any purpose, even to make butter or cheese
from, or to feed to calves or young pigs,
though we have risked giving it to old hogs,
as they are said to be immune to nearly all

second set thoroughly clean and scalded
should be used in the morning. The prac-
tice of merely rinsing pails and strainers in
cold water at the barn at night offers an op-
portunity for the introduction of the bac-
teria into milk directly from the water.

"If the cows wade in mud and smear the
udders with dirt and filth, put a stop to it.
By this means many objectionable bacteria
get into milk by falling into the milk pail.

"The floors of all rooms where ropy milk
has been kept should be disinfected with a
mixture of five parts of crude sulphuric acid
to ninety-five parts of water.

"All milk utensils should be scalded most
thoroughly daily. Never let cold water
come in contact with utensils unless they
are scalded before using for milk again.

"Exercise the greatest care to prevent even
a drop of water from the cooling tank get-
ting into the milk. That occurrence is prob-
ably the most common cause of trouble from
ropy milk. If water must spatter about,
the cans standing in ice water should be cov-
ered.

"Utensils after washing and scalding
should stand upside down to prevent the ac-
cumulation of dust on the inside."

All of this is good advice to follow whether
there are any bacteria or not, or whether
any ropy milk has been found or not, but
we would go a little farther in our precau-
tions where it has been found, if not in all
cases.

If these bacteria are in the water, they are,
we should suppose, more apt to exist in
ponds, brooks, and stagnant waters than in
springs, wells and clear running streams.
It is not possible that such bacteria when
swallowed by the animal while drinking may
pass through the system unharmed and per-
haps increased in virulence until they reach
the milk glands? The food and the water
pass through the digestive organs to pro-

Agricultural.

Something About Salts.

"Do you know anything about salt?" inquired the man with a spiral nose that twisted into remote corners. No? Neither did I, until I had read the report on the subject issued by Mr. Merriam, who runs the census office. I had an idea that we got all of our salt out of a barrel or one of these little bags you buy in the grocery store for two cents, but we don't. Then I had an idea that we got most of it from the vast salt deposits in the arid country of the West, but we don't. When I was a small boy living in the Kentucky hills I used to see barrels marked 'Kanawha,' and I thought that all the salt in the world came from the Kanawha River country, but it didn't. My father, an iron manufacturer, used to mould big salt kettles which were hauled on wagons away back up the Big Sandy River, where they were used in boiling the salt water from springs in those parts, but all the salt didn't come from there, either. According to the census reports we harvested—they call it 'harvesting'—15,187,819 barrels of salt in 1899, 5,266,510 barrels of which came from Michigan, which is the first in the list of salt-producing States: New York stands second with 4,894,832 barrels; Kansas third with 1,645,290, and Ohio fourth with 1,460,516. California, Texas, Utah, West Virginia, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Oklahoma and Massachusetts follow in the order named, none reaching a million barrels, and all the other States only produce enough to make a showing by being bunched. The value of the product was \$7,936,897, or about 50 cents a barrel, a barrel holding five bushels or 290 pounds, which is cheap enough for the salt of the earth, isn't it? We consumed all this salt ourselves, something over four and a half million pounds among something over seventy-six millions of people, or about sixty pounds per person. Using that much salt per person, we oughtn't to be as fresh as our foreign rivals say we are, ought we?

"The first attempt to make salt in this country was at Plymouth, Mass., in 1624, the material being sea water, but it was not successful, and until the Revolution we brought our salt from over the sea, instead of out of it. Up to 1812 we made most of our salt out of sea water about New Bedford and Cape Cod. Attempts were made with small success to make salt from springs in Pennsylvania in 1784, in New York in 1788, in Louisiana in 1791, and in what is now West Virginia on the Kanawha River in 1797. The first Ohio salt was made in 1798 at the old Scioto Works. California began her salt harvest in 1802 with sea water, and Utah began in 1847 on the shores of Great Salt Lake, with a product in 1899 of 255,671 barrels. Kansas made its first salt from the marshes, but in 1887 a body of rock salt was found by prospectors for petroleum, and extensive mines have since been developed. In sinking through 265 feet of salt strata with a total shaft depth of 1035 feet fifteen workable veins of salt were found, varying in thickness from four to eighteen feet, and the eighteen-foot vein has been producing the bulk of the salt. On Avery Island, Louisiana, a similar rock vein has been known and worked for more than a hundred years. The Confederates got 22,000,000 pounds of salt from this island in eleven months during the war, but in 1899 Louisiana gave up only 208,850 barrels from all her mines. Michigan, the leader, bored her first well in 1839 at East Saginaw, and in 1870 turned out only 786,263 barrels, as compared with 5,266,510 barrels twenty-nine years later. New York was the first State to pass salt laws. This was in 1797, and for over a hundred years she controlled the Onondaga reservation, furnishing the brine to those who paid for it. Rock salt was first mined in 1885, and several shafts were sunk in Livingston and Genesee counties, the Livonia being 1432 feet deep; but they are all under one company now. The product varies from 150,000 to 250,000 tons per year, as may be required. In 1890 Pennsylvania produced 100,000 barrels, valued at \$200,000, and in 1899 there was but one establishment. In Pennsylvania the brine used was classified with the 'all others.' The early salt history of West Virginia is interesting, and Kanawha salt at one time was a leader, but the business has fallen away, and the State is now seventh in the list.

"The three kinds of salt produced are rock salt, mined from the veins in the ground; solar salt, produced by running the brine into pools, where it is evaporated by the sun, and the boiling process, where the brine is boiled in pans and vats. This is by far the most in use, 11,733,166 barrels being produced in this way in 1900, valued at \$2,548,779. The brine used in boiling comes from springs or wells. The amount of imported salt used in 1899 was only 8.3 per cent. Not included in the production cited are about four and a half million barrels as intermediate product used in the manufacture of chemicals, and not properly marketable salt. The figures are pretty large," concluded the talker, "but the one thing that we cannot exhaust, let us be as extravagant as we will, is our salt supply, and if every other source would stop on the spot, except the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, there is enough there to supply the world for thousands of years, at least. I have seen figures going to prove that to be a fact."—New York Sun.

Milk Prices in Connecticut.

Fifty or more of the milk producers and peddlers of Hartford and vicinity met in that city on Dec. 18 to discuss the milk situation. It was generally claimed by them that milk could not be produced and sold at a profit at existing prices, while the grain feed cost as much as it does now. It was said that several thousand quarts were daily brought into Hartford and sold at three cents per quart at wholesale. A standard price of seven cents per quart was strongly advocated. Producers claimed that there was no profit in making milk at four cents a quart, and a resolution was introduced that a committee of the producers and peddlers should draw up an agreement to make seven cents the retail price should be kept at seven cents, the agreement to be void if not signed by two-thirds of those selling milk in Hartford.

The peddlers said there was no profit in buying at four cents and selling at six cents a quart. If they paid five cents, they must sell at seven or eight cents. Some producers had contracts to sell at 34 or four

Calves Get run down, even if they don't die. Hood Farm Calf Scour Cure sold on retail price should be kept at seven cents, the agreement to be void if not signed by two-thirds of those selling milk in Hartford.

That Get run down, even if they don't die. Hood Farm Calf Scour Cure sold on retail price should be kept at seven cents, the agreement to be void if not signed by two-thirds of those selling milk in Hartford.

Scour Get run down, even if they don't die. Hood Farm Calf Scour Cure sold on retail price should be kept at seven cents, the agreement to be void if not signed by two-thirds of those selling milk in Hartford.

cents during the winter, and while others were inclined to blame them for making such contracts, the peddlers said that the distance from their farms to the consumer was such that they preferred to pay more for milk nearer to market than to make any more such contracts. There are about two hundred milk peddlers in Hartford, and it is expected that nearly all, whether producing or buying the milk they sell, will agree not to retail milk at less than seven cents a quart. Even now some of those who produce their own supply, and claim to have better milk than others, are getting eight cents a quart. If the requisite number of signers to the agreement can be obtained, the new rates are likely to go into effect about Jan. 1.

On the same date a meeting of the farmers who supply Williamstown was held, and out of the twenty-five who sell milk in that city, twenty were present. They organized as a Milk Dealers' Retail Association, and after choosing officers, the question of milk prices came up. There were some who wanted the established rate to be seven cents a quart, but they finally agreed to compromise on a retail price of six cents up to April 1, 1902.

Our sympathies are with the producers in this matter, for while we think that with good cows, good food and good care it may be possible to produce milk at less than four cents a quart, the man who knows how to secure all this and will do so, certainly should get a little more than a bare living profit for his skill and experience.

Barrenness of Corn and Wheat.

One of the greatest factors in the production of corn and wheat is the relative amount of barrenness in the stalks. Every farmer is familiar with fields of either grain which promise an abundant yield, but when the counting of the harvest is made there is a great disappointment. It is found that the crop was deceptive. There was more stalk than grain. Every third or fourth stalk in some fields is barren. When grain gets down to such a low state of productivity it is time that some other farming should be resorted to. Yet not a few farmers face this condition and continue to plant the same and hope for better times. Some will lay the blame to the soil, others to the season, and a few to the seed or method of cultivation. In my experience I have found that the seed is more at fault than anything else. Provide reasonably fertile soil and fair cultivation, and good seed will produce a pretty good crop, but on the finest soil, and with the best of cultivation, run-out seed will simply increase the stalk supply and not raise the yield of grain ten bushels. It is not soil or cultivation that will increase the yield of poor seed, but new and better seed.

Not all of us appreciate the power of seed out that is always present in seed. Unless systematically improved by "breeding" seed, corn or wheat will degenerate at least ten per cent. In a single year our crops are reduced almost one-half. All of our crops have been raised to their present high standard through artificial means of breeding and selection. Now the average man cannot breed and improve seed. That is not his work, but he can insist that he sold to him that has not been run out. By insisting upon wheat and corn that represent the highest possible productive, the farmer can increase his yield per acre much better than by spending anxious moments and a good deal of money in fertilizing and cultivating the fields. The one absolute essential is wheat and corn that has been systematically bred to the point where the highest possible returns can be had from every single stalk that comes up. We want no barren stalks, or very few, at least. T. L. RIDDING, Illinois.

Renewing Old Orchards.

The question how to renew an old orchard is again taking up its annual round in the agricultural papers. Some growers recommend top grafting, but, in my experience, this is one of the most uncomfortable, disagreeable jobs in an orchard. To get up into the top of an apple tree with a basket of tools, wax and scissors, standing on a limb of the tree, or on a ladder, is downright torture. Then, when one has sawed off a limb and undertakes to split it, he finds that, while the bark splits straight, the grain of the wood is winding around the stock, hence the split of the bark and that of the wood do not correspond. Then the bark has to be cut away on one side to admit the scion, and the chances are that by the wind of the wood the bark has been so far separated from the wood that a union with the scion is very doubtful.

Again, think of the time it requires to go through an orchard and top graft every tree! Having had experience with that method, and suffered from such irksome work and failure of scions to form a union, I have adopted a very different, and, as I believe, a much better, cheaper and more certain way of renewing an old orchard. I cut the trees down close to the ground, cover the stump with a little earth, or place over it a fresh sod. This should be done late in the fall, or in the winter, as stumps prout better when you cut at that time of the year. The stumps will grow up and throw up many sprouts. I allow them all to grow the first season, then, in the fall, I select two good ones and bud them, or wait until the next spring and graft.

These buds, or grafts, will make a very rapid growth and will be growing better every year, and will come into bearing as soon as the top graft, which will fall in a few years. All surplus sprouts should be removed the second year. If a low head is desired, the first year's growth of bud or graft should be cut back to four or six buds, leaving but one scion to grow after the first year. N. B. WHITE, Norwood, Mass.

What the Birds Eat.

One of the most notable difficulties experienced by experts of the Government Bureau of Ornithology, in studying the contents of birds' stomachs, is a plan pursued for the purpose of finding out just what amount of food or harm is done by various species incidentally to their feeding upon insects, seeds and fruits, has been to identify the different kinds of bugs whose remains are discovered in the digestive apparatus. Birds often mutilate their food before swallowing it, and the gizzard afterward reduces it to fine fragments.

The men who do this work of investigation have become extraordinarily skillful at it. In a pinch of grasshopper dust the trained eye of the expert quickly detects a tiny jaw with a grooved cutting edge and a grinder; or, if the jaw is lacking, a search seldom fails to reveal a little piece that looks like a human ear, but which in reality is part of the knee joint of the insect.

The remains of caterpillars found in bird stomachs usually consist of little packets of broken skin, which has been twisted and

rolled into such compact form by the action of the digestive organs. Sometimes nothing is left by which to identify these insects except the concave jaws, which are of so peculiar a shape as to be unmistakable. Beetles have hard shells, and so their remains are easily recognized. Butterflies and moths are more difficult, but they may be distinguished by the scales of their wings when examined under the microscope.

Many soft-bodied insects are recognizable by their hard jaws, which resist destruction in the bird's stomach. The hinged body of a click beetle is provided with a tooth which strikes against half of the hinge and produces the clicking noise when the beetle springs into the air. This tooth, when found in a bird's stomach, is often broken off from the body, and is sometimes all that is left to show that a click beetle has been eaten.

The wing-covers of weevils (the insects that devour stored grain) resemble pieces of earthenware on a minute scale, and so are easily identified. Recognition of butterflies and moths is much harder, as the distinguishing features are mostly in the veining of the delicate wings. Ants, on the other hand, can always be recognized, even when the action of the stomach has reduced the insect to dust, by the very hard jaws, which look like a pair of gauntleted hands.

Spiders are identified by their jaws, which look like miniature cow-horns, and by their little eyes, which, beneath the microscope, resemble clusters of gleaming gems. In studying the remains of earthworms the compound microscope has to be used, the higher-power lenses revealing the peculiar amber-colored spicules with which the bodies of these annelids are covered. Remains of May-flies usually contain some of the prettily reticulated eggs of the insects, each of them holding a golden globe of oil.

Birds take into their gizzards for grinding purposes many curious things. Sparrows sometimes utilize in this way small fragments of mica, tourmaline, and even volcanic lava, and in Kansas they employ in like manner the disk-shaped sections of the stems of fossil sea-lilies. A sooty grouse taken in British Columbia was using in its little mill four small nuggets of gold.—Saturday Evening Post.

Orchard and Garden.

One and perhaps not the less frequent reason why spraying for the codling moth does not prevent wormy fruit is the fact that much of the Paris green sold is so much adulterated as to have little effect. It may be better to use the arsenate of lead made by mixing two ounces of arsenate of soda, 25 ounces of acetate of lead in fifty gallons of water. If there is only forty gallons of water this is said not to burn the foliage. Another trouble is not using at the proper time. Apply it as soon as most of the petals of the blossoms are off, and then about once in ten days or two weeks. Spray from both or even four sides of the tree, if a large one. Trees that are not well pruned will need more spraying than those which are open tops. In order to reach the parts. Later applications need not be as strong, and if the trunks of the trees have burials around them after the middle of June on early bloomers, and after July 1 on late bloomers, the larvae will collect under them and can be killed once a week. The burial should be about four inches wide and confined by a string about the middle, which will allow it to be turned up or down to see what is beneath.

The destruction of the apples that fall in the June drop, by feeding to sheep or swine, will lessen the chance of late or the second and third broods, but this needs to be done soon after they fall, as they will escape and pupate wherever they find shelter, preferring a bit of rough bark on the tree. Some who have not had good success in spraying may safely put the blame upon careless neighbors who neglected their trees. The female moth will fly two hundred yards at least, and may go farther with a favorable wind.

Duke's Signal Queen 24, 82415.

Duke's Signal Queen 24, 82415. May 22, 1899, the subject of the accompanying illustration, is one of the largest yearly producers in the herd. She has milked in one day 48 pounds 12 ounces, in one week in winter 313 pounds 15 ounces, from which was made 17 pounds 8 ounces marketable butter that needed no coloring matter to score perfect in color. She gave parting milk, 11,320 pounds 6 ounces milk, testing 611 pounds 9 ounces butter; in two years, 20,837 pounds 1 ounce, testing 1114 pounds 9 ounces butter; in three years, 81,080 pounds 4 ounces milk, testing 1670 pounds 12 ounces butter; in four years, 40,607 pounds 11 ounces milk, testing 2163 pounds 9 ounces butter. This is an average per year of 10,016 pounds 142 ounces milk and 540 pounds 144 ounces butter. She dropped a live calf each year for four consecutive years, and is still doing good work in the herd.

If this record for large, persistent dairy work has been excelled by any dairy cow, we have failed to hear of it. When you think of a cow producing over five tons of milk in one year and over twenty tons in four years, and giving birth each year to a calf, can you estimate her value in a breeding or dairy herd? Her picture is a very poor one and does not do her justice, but it shows a cow of remarkable constitution and capacity, two of the most requisite points of a dairy cow. We are proud to own such a cow and two of her daughters. With great reluctance we parted with one of her daughters, she having been purchased by a buyer who was laying the foundation for a high-class herd. HOOD FARM, Lowell, Mass.

DUKE'S SIGNAL QUEEN 24, 82415.

Butter Market.

The butter market has been very quiet since Christmas, with few changes in prices, but there has been an accumulation of grades below strictly extra creamery. The market was sold on Tuesday at 24 cents, and some lots were held at 25 cents, but Northern New York and Western ash tubs did not go above 24 cents, and some assorted tubs went at that price. Northern and Western firsts and best marks of Eastern at 22 to 23 cents, and fair to good Eastern 18 to 21 cents, seconds 17 to 20 cents. There was a fair demand for June creamery from storage at 21 to 22 cents, and some marks were held for higher prices. Fair to good was offered at 18 to 20 cents. Boxes were in demand at 25 to 26 cents for Northern creamery, 23 cents for extra dairy. Prints at 25 cents for creamery, 22 to 23 cents for extra Northern dairy, and fair to good in either at 16 to 20 cents. Dairy in tubs moved slowly at 21 cents for Vermont extra and 20 cents for New York firsts at 18 to 19 cents, seconds 15 to 17 cents, and thirds at 12 to 14 cents found but few buyers. Imitation creamery at 15 to 16 cents for small tubs, 15 cents for large tubs, and 134 cents for seconds, and lades at 13 to 144 cents were very dull. Renovated at 18 to 19 cents for choice had fair sales for fresh made, but older lot but little wanted at 14 to 17 cents. Jobbing prices about two cents higher at least on better grades.

The receipts of butter at Boston for the week ending Dec. 28 were 12,500 tubs and 16,243 boxes, a total weight of 699,394 pounds, including 86,750 pounds in transit for export, and with the latter deducted the net receipts were 322,644 pounds, against 613,244 pounds the previous week and 609,244 pounds the corresponding week last year.

The exports of butter from Boston for the week were 164,048 pounds, against 3000 pounds the corresponding week last year. From New York the exports were 2028 tubs. The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company gives the following statement for the week: Taken in 429 tubs, out 6890 tubs, stock 99,418 tubs, against 73,551 tubs same time last year. The Eastern Company reports a stock of 13,382 tubs, against 9407 tubs a year ago, and with these added the total stock is 112,280 tubs, against 82,848 tubs at the close of last year, an increase for this year of 29,432 tubs.

Statistics for the year show on hand Jan. 1, 3,285,960 pounds. Receipts 57,499,836 pounds, a total supply of 60,785,796 pounds. Exports for the year 5,708,603 pounds. Stock on hand Dec. 30, 4,512,000 pounds. Consumption, 50,265,185 pounds, an increase of 1,304,847 pounds over 1900, when there were 2,072,800 pounds on hand Jan. 1, and 51,502,940 pounds received, making total supply 53,776,640 pounds. Exports for 1900 were 1,002,374 pounds, stock on hand at end of year 3,313,920 pounds, and year's consumption 49,269,346 pounds. Receipts increased about 12 per cent in 1901, and the consumption about 34 per cent, but exports increased 5,706,229 pounds. More country dealers obtain their supply each year from factories or from dealers in the country.

The Hay Trade.

For a holiday week at the close of the year, the condition of the hay trade has been very good. Arrivals at Eastern markets equalled the demand, and perhaps were a little in excess, but there were no accumulations more than can be worked off with a week or two of good buying such as we should expect after New Year comes in.

Boston had a moderate demand, and the receipts were only 328 cars of hay, of which 167 were for export and 161 for home demand, and 27 cars of straw. Corresponding week last year, 221 cars of hay, of which 23 were billed for export and 14 cars of straw. Prices were: for choice timothy, large bales, \$17.50 to \$18, and small bales \$17 to \$17.50. No. 1 \$16 to \$17, No. 2 \$14.50 to \$15.50, No. 3 and clover \$12 to \$13 and clover mixed \$13 to \$14. Long rye straw \$15 to \$16.50, tangled rye \$11 to \$11.50 and old \$9.50 to \$10. Providence still has a short supply, prices are firm with best grades in demand. Choice at \$18 to \$18.50. No. 1 \$17 to \$17.50, No. 2 \$16 to \$16.50, clover mixed \$13 to \$13.50 and rye straw \$16 to \$17.

New York receipts were light, especially on best grades, and buyers have had to take lower grades in their place. Arrivals were 8000 tons by rail and 100 tons by river boats. Same week a year ago there were 9600 tons. Receipts of straw were 430 tons. Exports of hay 82,920 bales, or 79,515 bales more than last week. Prices: timothy prime were \$17.50 to \$18, No. 2 \$15.50 to \$16, No. 3 \$13.50 to \$14, shipping \$13. Clover mixed \$12 to \$15, long rye straw \$15 to \$17, old rye \$9 to \$10, and wheat \$9 to \$13. Jersey City had but a light supply, but the better grades were more plenty. Demand was good, and prices were above New York about 50 cents a ton best grades, and \$1 on lower grades, down to the straw.

The Hay Trade Journal gives highest prices at various markets \$18.75 at Boston, Providence, Jersey City and New Orleans, \$18 at New York, \$16.50 at Nashville, \$16 at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond, \$15.50 at Memphis, \$15 at Norfolk, Louisville and Pittsburgh, \$14.50 at Buffalo, \$14 at Chicago and Cincinnati, \$13.50 at Kansas City, \$12 at Duluth and \$11.50 at Minneapolis.

Major Ruben, Quartermaster, U. S. A., has opened bids for 2500 tons of oats and 2500 tons of hay, to be shipped to the army in the Philippines on the transport Dix, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 15. Prices per ton on oats were from \$22.50 to \$25. On eastern Washington hay the bids per ton were \$16.10 to \$17.20. On Puget Sound hay per ton the bids ran from \$13.70 to \$14.50.

The quantity of hay and oats to be shipped under the contract will represent a month's supply for the forces in the Philippines.

Domestic and Foreign Fruits.

Apples in but moderate supply. Only 11,043 barrels arrived last week. Choice lots selling well, but cheaper stock dull. King at \$4 to \$5 a barrel, No. 1 Greenings and Maine Baldwins \$3.50 to \$4, common \$2.50 to \$3, Spy \$3.25 to \$4, Snow and Wealthy \$3 to \$4, Western Ben Davis \$3 to \$3.50, Pound Sweet \$3 to \$4 and Taiman Sweet \$2.50 to \$3, mixed lots \$2.50 to \$3.50 and No. 2 \$2.25 to \$3. A few pears left in storage, and cleaning up at \$2.50 to \$3.50 a box. Cranberries in full supply and dull at quotations. Cape Cod fancy best \$6 to \$6.50 a barrel, choice sound \$5 to \$5.50, common to good \$3.50 to \$4.50, crates \$1.50 to \$2. But few grapes here at 12 to 13 cents for small baskets. Malaga grapes steady at \$3 to \$3.8 a case.

Florida oranges in good supply, choice bright \$3.25 to \$3.50 a box, Russet \$3 to \$3.25, and tangerines half boxes \$2.25 to \$2.50, mandarins \$1.75 to \$2.25, grape fruit good to choice \$3 to \$5.50 a box. Jamaica oranges \$4.75 to \$5.50 a barrel, \$3 to \$3.25 a box. Grape fruit \$2.75 to \$3.75 a box. California Navel oranges, choice to fancy \$3 to \$3.50, and seedlings \$2 to \$2.38. Lemons choice \$2 to \$2.50, fancy \$2.75 to \$3.25. Messina and Palermo choice \$3 to \$3.25, and fancy \$3.25 to \$3.50 for 300 counts, 350 counts 25 cents lower for same goods. California figs 75 to 8 cents a pound, and Smyrna 12 to 17 cents. Dates 4 to 44 cents. Florida pine apples dull at \$2.50 to \$3 a box for smooth Cayenne, \$2.25 to \$2.50 for Abbaka. Bananas \$1.50 to \$2.50 a stem.

BOSTON'S COMMERCE.

So far as can be learned from the books of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston this year has passed one of the best years in its history, both as regards receipts and exports, and while some commodities have not produced as large figures as they did in 1900, they are in the minority and are far overbalanced by the increase on other staples.

Grain naturally takes first place in the export trade, and it is by only a slight margin that the best previous record of the port has not been surpassed. In 1899 the grain shipment—wheat, corn and oats—reached a total of 35,611,772 bushels; this year the total is 35,029,790 bushels, exclusive of the amounts to be carried to England in steamships. Rye and oats to the seaboard was so thoroughly demoralized that many steamers were forced to sail from Boston with only a small part of their cargo of grain and, at that, were delayed from hours to days; second, the flooded condition of foreign markets as regards oats, and which almost completely shut off the supply from this port; at least, and third, the low ocean freight rates of late, which in one or two cases have reached that stage where the owners or agents preferred to send steamers across the Atlantic with water ballast rather than take grain.

The best month's shipment of this year was made in May, when 2,265,243 bushels of wheat, 1,225,835 bushels of corn and 31,212 bushels of oats were carried to foreign ports. A new record for the port in single shipments was made on May 1, when steamer Noranmore left Boston with 361,125 bushels on board. Some other vessels made splendid records, and one or two throughout the year were conspicuous for the great amounts which they carried. A few records are: Steamship Norseman, May 16, 249,381 bushels; April 12, 217,463 bushels; Feb. 21, 238,995 bushels; Jan. 7, 196,831 bushels; steamship Irishman, April 28, 230,487 bushels (next to the largest shipment of the year), March 22, 234,863 bushels; steamship Bohemian, April 18, 223,736 bushels; steamship Winifredian, Jan. 22, 229,146 bushels; March 13, 198,144 bushels; April 16, 198,902 bushels; steamship Macedonia, April 24, 235,028 bushels; steamship Devonian, May 3, 227,480 bushels; June 5, 229,100 bushels; steamship Cestrian, July 16, 216,708 bushels; April 9, 226,573 bushels; steamship Zanzibar, Jan. 20, 229,671 bushels. A number of the combination passenger and freight steamships regularly, during the first part of the year, carried upwards of 200,000 bushels.

Outside of grain one of the items which will attract a good deal of attention is the tremendous increase in the receipts of sugar. The numbers of steamers which this year have arrived from Java loaded with that commodity has increased largely so that the total number of baskets received from that and other sources is 234,804, against 149,434 for the year 1900. In bags the figures are 1,045,260 for 1901, against 962,037 for 1900.

Owing to the fact that this year the foreign market for butter has been high and the demand good, which is the reverse of conditions last year, the butter exports this year run millions of pounds ahead of last. Exclusive of what may have been taken by the three steamships sailing yesterday and today, the numbers of pounds sent abroad during the year is 5,708,603, whereas in 1900 only 125,814 pounds were sent.

The receipts of cotton vary little this year from those of 1900. In the product Boston received 582,432 bales, and in foreign 63,446 this year; while last year the figures were, respectively, 663,664 and 50,247 bales.

Arsenic is a very brittle metal, steel-gray in color, and of no great importance in the arts. Metallic arsenic is found native in veins in metamorphic rocks in Saxony, Bohemia, and abundantly at Chazotte in Chili. Arsenic is widely disseminated, as few sulphur ores are free from traces of it. The white arsenic of commerce is arsenious acid.

Literature.

When Mr. Knox Magee wrote "With Ring of Shield," he wrote a historical novel, which by its power and dash forced it into the front rank of last year's popular novels. The book was pronounced a literary achievement, and a promise that the future would bring forth from the same pen work that will take an even higher place in contemporary fiction. The promise has been fulfilled. "Mark Everard," which Messrs. R. F. Fenno & Co. have just published, will, if it receives its merits, figure prominently in the list of best sellers. The story, though a romance pure and simple, is historical—at least not after the first chapter. The scene is England; time, Chaucer; the action all takes place within a few weeks—in fact, a day and night take us through the bulk of the story. We will not spoil the pleasure of the reader by telling the plot, which is simple and natural, and a plot as well as that the author does not indulge in absurd impossibilities, and carry the curiosity from the beginning to the end. Though the book is filled with excitement, it is not of the brutal sort with which we are too familiar; and even through its excitement does the story make its strongest bid for popular favor. The best part of the story is its charming naturalness, its sweet simplicity, and its splendid delineation of noble character. The people in the story have all been brought into them the breath of life. Mark Everard and little Toby have our admiration from the opening, and the heroine is a lady eminently worthy of her part; and Cadwallar, Julius, Sir Alfred and the rest stand out clearly as characters that are consistent, distinct, human. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. R. F. Fenno & Co.

The two hundred thousand dead people of this country, and their sympathizers, will appreciate the little volume, entitled "Deafness and Cheerfulness," written by Rev. A. W. Jackson, author of "James Martineau: A Biography and Study." This unconventional sermon, as it has been termed, is the result of personal experience, and it is written in a thoroughly optimistic vein. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

A book by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" must necessarily be a touching story of a noble life, and "Lassie," the latest book by this author, who prefers to remain anonymous, is no exception. These books have often been classed as juveniles, but they appeal as well to older readers. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Harper's Magazine has recently acquired what they describe as a most unusual and splendid short story from the pen of Philip Verill Mighels, the author of "The Crystal Sceptre," which remarkable book of adventure, by the way, forestalled no less a person than Jules Verne in relating a story of the "missing link." Mr. Mighels contributed to some of the lesser Harper periodicals several years ago.

A true story, and a very touching one, is this which Carrie Douglas Wright here tells of the youthful engagement of Abraham Lincoln. The place where Lincoln met and wooed this fiancée, who died while still a girl, was in the picturesque and beautiful town of New Salem, Ill. The girl was Ann Rutledge, and with her Lincoln studied French grammar, went to singing school and prayer meeting, to husking bee and village society, until in due time the two were engaged, and Lincoln left the native town of his betrothed to study law at the neighboring city of Springfield. In his absence, delicate Ann Rutledge developed a species of consumption, and a few weeks before the time appointed for the wedding, slipped quietly away into the spiritual world. She was buried, concludes this story, "beneath an old elm tree in Concord churchyard, but the body was afterwards removed to the new cemetery at Pittsburg. After the burial, Lincoln threw himself upon the grave saying these words: 'Here lies the body of Ann Rutledge, and the heart of Abe Lincoln.' All of which fits in with the facts of Lincoln's life, and seems to account in a measure for the sad eyes and sorrowful expression those who have seen that great man will remember so well. Certainly the Ann Rutledge of this story loved her manly properties. For headache apply a little to the forehead, also sprinkle a few drops on the handkerchief and inhale. For Croup, colds in the throat, and other ailments, handkerchief and inhale. It affords prompt relief. Highly recommended by those that have used it. Price, 50 cents at your druggists.

One doesn't often meet a more thoroughly entertaining book than Molly Elliot Seawell's "Papa Bouchard," a daintily written and deliciously diverting account of a respectable French lawyer's rebellion against the supervision of his maiden sister, and of the troubles that came to him when at the age of fifty-four he began to show a small crop of would-be wild oats. There are two delightful young Parisians in the book, Captain de Meneval and his wife, Leonthe, the latter the daughter of Mr. Bouchard. The troubles that these mischievous young people cause to fall upon the blameless head of the advocate, and the part that a clever, adventurous and a naughty parrot play in Bouchard's undoing, make exceedingly pleasant reading. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The British Museum has books written with bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, leaves, iron, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, etc., and wood, in short, pretty much every substance was used before the invention of paper.

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Poultry.

Practical Poultry Points.

Two years of experimenting at the West Virginia Station has brought them to the opinion that fowl do as well, keep as healthy, and lay as many or more eggs when there are no floors to the henhouse, as when they have floors. We came to the same conclusions several years ago, say after we had about twenty years experience, providing the ground inside was higher than the outside, so that it would be always dry. That is, we are speaking of wooden floors. But the best arrangement we ever tried was a cement floor, a little higher than the outside floor, and cemented against the foundation wall up to the sills, then filled with three or four inches of dry sand. This was a litter of leaves or straw for them to scratch in. Apparently always clean, and the litter needed occasional renewing; the sand after being a year would scarcely have changed its appearance at all, yet used as a top-dressing for grassland it gave better results than the best rotted manure we had at the station or barnyard. We have not always been where we could easily get such sand, but it did not seem to be as good. A piece in one corner a box filled with road dirt or part dust and part ashes, for them to allow in, and have feed troughs for soft food, oyster shells and grit, and the water troughs, high enough for them to eat from standing erect, which will prevent them from throwing much dirt in them when scratching; also have a slanting cover or roof over them so that they cannot stand on them, and have all these so that they can be moved out of doors when the house is to be cleaned, also have the nests and roosts so that they can be taken out. In a house so made there is but little need of ever having snow fowl, and they can be kept inside during bad weather or when the snow is on the ground, and not suffer for lack of exercise.

Several weeks ago we suggested that the "red albumen" letter, which we had seen in certain of our exchanges, was a fraud, or scheme to get free advertising for a worthless article, or to induce people to pay a high price for the only real "red albumen" product that we know of, dried blood. It has been since denounced by all the poultry papers and most of the agricultural papers we have seen. It seems to have had both results. The price of dried blood went up several cents a pound at such drug stores as sold it, while those who sent to the writer of the letter for it received only "red ochre," a mineral compound that used to be in some favor for painting buildings and fences, but which had no albumen in it, and is of no value for feeding to poultry, if it would not be actually dangerous to them.

A correspondent of the Nebraska Farmer says that the Barred Plymouth Rocks originated in a cross of the American Dominique, Black Java and White Birmingham, and the White Rocks were first started by sports from the Barred Rocks, which took back to the White Birmingham blood. This, perhaps, is as reasonable an explanation of the origin of the two breeds as any we have seen, though we have also seen a statement that they started from a cross of the Dominique upon the White Cochins. Possibly different strains may have been started in each way, for the Barred Rocks and the white birds we know have been produced from Barred Rocks crossed with white Leghorns, and also with white Cochins. This seems a reasonable explanation of the difference in size, form and laying qualities of different strains of these fowl as we know them years ago. Since then those strains have been so interbred, and the breeding pens so carefully selected, that they are more uniform in those particulars as well as in feather.

Of the many cross-bred chickens that are raised every year, the Plymouth Rocks and the Wyandottes have been the only ones to attain much popularity, though the Rhode Island Reds are now forcing their way to the front very rapidly, though scarcely uniform enough in color, or shape of body and comb, to suit the ideas of one who likes a flock of fowl that are all as nearly alike as if they were all run in one mold. Now that they have fallen into the hands of the true fanciers, we shall expect them to be so selected and bred that they will be one shade of color, for red does not mean anything from crimson, and will decide whether the standard shall be the pea comb or the single comb, or whether they shall both be allowed as distinct varieties. The single comb is thought to indicate a share of Red Leghorn blood, and the pea comb to have been the result of a cross of the rose-comb buff Shanghai fowl, though there are some strains of Brown or Red Leghorn with rose combs. We think we like the pea comb best, and that it is more apt to grow to the standard weight of eight pounds for cock and six pounds for hen, and that it is the single comb that is the result of the cross. Whether there is any decided difference in the laying qualities of the pea comb and the single combs we do not know. Both have good records as layers, though it is doubtful if they would average any better than Rocks or Wyandottes under the same management, nor do we think they mature any earlier or make better chickens for broiling or roasting.

Orchards for Chicken Runs.

One of the poorest chicken runs one can find is that barren of all shade. It is impossible for the chickens to find pleasure or comfort in such a cheerless place. Through the summer they will suffer from the heat, and the chief object of a run will be nullified for a part of the year. Shade is necessary for the welfare of the fowls. It should be supplied artificially if it has not already given it. We should endeavor to make the poultry yards both attractive and profitable. Now, one of the ways to do this is to select wisely fruit trees to plant in the run for shade for the fowls and for their fruit. Fowls and fruit can be raised together successfully, and one will not almost as much as a deer. Every acre of poultry land not covered by fruit trees I consider wasted, and it is failing to produce all that it should. There still exists an old notion that fruit and fowls cannot be raised successfully together, but that should be dispelled. To do this, try a plan similar to mine.

Plant plum, cherry, apple or pear trees in the poultry run, taking care that good varieties of commercial fruit be obtained from a reliable nursery. Plant these far enough apart so that the trees will have room to grow and expand. If dwarf varieties are selected they can be planted much closer together. Plum trees should not be planted closer than twelve feet, and the apple and cherry trees nearer than twenty feet. The chicken run should be planted with blue grass and clover, and the grass will add greatly to the fertility of



MALAGA GRAPE.

the soil. When the trees are first planted they should be surrounded by a fence of chicken wire, but when they have become well established they will not need this protection. The fowls will do no damage then to their roots. Indeed, it is well to cultivate the soil around the trees and let the chickens scratch and wallow in it. The chickens will actually do all the cultivation that the tree needs, and if we add a little rich manure every year around the roots little further attention will be needed. The chickens will keep down apple tree borers, grubs and worms, and where caterpillars and other insects get on the leaves and branches it is only necessary to dislodge them by shaking. The chickens will then attend to them. In this way one can make the fruit yield almost as much profit as the chickens. It is certainly a profit that we cannot overlook.

ANNIE C. WEBSTER.
Pennsylvania.

Poultry and Game.

Contrary to our expectations the Christmas turkeys were well sold out last Tuesday and without much cutting of price. Other poultry was in good supply. This week but little trade in poultry, even to hotels and restaurants, and they are rather weak at quotations. Northern and Eastern turkeys though scarce will not bring over 15 to 16 cents for best small young, others 12 to 14 cents. Choice roasting chickens 15 to 16 cents, fair to good 10 to 14 cents. Broilers scarce at 15 to 20 cents, and the best sell readily. Fowl, choice 12 cents, common to good 10 to 11 cents, ducks 12 to 13 cents, geese, choice 11 to 12 cents, common 9 to 10 cents. Pigeons \$1.15 to \$1.25 for choice and 50 cents to \$1 for ordinary, per dozen. Squabs, choice \$2.50 to \$3 a dozen, and fair to good \$2 to \$2.25. Western dry-packed poultry in boxes, turkeys, choice headed 12 to 13 cents, with heads on 11 to 12 cents, fair to good 10 cents and No. 2 8 to 9 cents. Chickens, choice 12 cents, fair to good 9 to 11 cents, and fowl 9 to 10 cents. Capons 14 to 15 cents for choice large, small and medium 12 to 13 cents. Ducks, good to choice 10 to 13 cents, and geese 9 to 10 cents. In barrels, turkeys, choice young 11 to 11 1/2 cents, common 9 to 10 cents. Chickens, choice large roasting 10 cents, medium 8 to 9 cents. Fowl 8 to 9 cents, and old roosters 7 cents. Ducks 9 to 11 cents. Live poultry in moderate supply. Choice chickens and fowl 9 to 10 cents, and roosters 5 to 6 cents. Game in small demand. Wild ducks, for prime, brant and black duck 75 cents to \$1, red heads 50 cents to \$1.50, mallard 85 to 95 cents, teal 50 to 60 cents, and other small shore ducks 20 to 50 cents a pair, a few grouse coming at \$1.75 to \$2. Western quail \$2 to \$3 a dozen. Wild geese \$1 to \$1.50 each. Venison scarce, saddles 12 to 16 cents, and choice cuts 25 to 30 cents. Western rabbits in large supply at 12 to 15 cents a pair.

Horticultural.

Apple Culture.

We have not by any means reached a stage of perfection yet where we can afford to give up experimenting with apple trees. The culture of apples is bound to spread and increase as the demand for them continues, and the question of finding the right varieties for the right soil and climate is something that we need to know more about. The attempts made in this country in recent years to graft some of the hardy Russian apples on our native stock show that results may yet be achieved which will make the future more promising to the apple grower than the present. In the past dozen years we have developed new varieties of apples which command the highest market prices. Some of these have not yet attained any particular success in European markets, because shippers are very conservative in their methods, and they do not like to try a new thing until assured of its success. Where the American markets use freely ten to fifteen different fine varieties of apples, the European demand is limited to less than half a dozen, and those all of old-time kinds which have been raised here and in Canada for half a century and more.

Now it is possible to find profitable markets for any new, excellent variety of apple in this country. We need better early varieties of apples, and better very late winter kinds, and also varieties that will thrive and do well in the coldest parts of the country. This latter question is one that concerns the growers very much. In the work of finding a new race of hardy apples horticulturists have taken the

Siberian crab and the Western crab and hybridized them with the common apple. There are scores of varieties of apples, but very few species. All of our common apples cultivated in the orchards of the country belong to one species; but the Siberian crab, the Western crab and the common flowering crab represent other distinct species. A cross between any two of these produces a hybrid which may or may not be of value. The Western crab is known to hybridize with the common cultivated apple, and the Siberian crab will produce nearly the same results. The new race of apples thus obtained from hybridizing have much harder qualities than any of the common orchard apple trees. But to make such a new race of trees of value quality must be given to them, and this work is not always so easy of achievement. Hardiness without quality would produce no tangible good results. It is all a matter that can be determined only by long time and careful work. Yet few can doubt but in the new future we may have an entirely new race of desirable apple trees for our orchards.

PROF. S. F. DORTY.
New York.

Variety of Apples.

In parts of the country where apple raising has in recent years become an important industry, the tendency is to restrict the selection of varieties to one or two. Ben Davis has become such a popular apple in parts of the country that many believe that no other variety can be raised with profit. The fact is, some growers happen to do well with one variety of apple, and he draws conclusions that it is the best adapted to his particular State and region. Sometimes a bad year will destroy one variety and not another; therefore the conclusion is reached that the former does not thrive well, while the latter does. The mistake is one of too narrow experience and of drawing conclusions from insufficient premises.

Near me is a neighbor who raises only Ben Davis apples, and he contends that no other variety begins to do as well in his State; but not fifty miles away is one of the largest orchards of apple trees in the whole State of Ohio, and every tree is of the Baldwin variety. Comment seems unnecessary. But I will take one further illustration from actual life in my country. There lives not far from me one of the most successful apple growers in the West. Last year he made a clear profit, so he told me, of \$10,000 on his apples. Asked what varieties of apples he raised he named the following: Ben Davis, Baldwin, Greening, King, Rome Beauty, Golden Russet, Jonathan and Pomeroy. I asked him if he named them in the order of their profit. He denied this, and said that some years he made the greatest profit out of one variety, according to the number of trees planted, and another year some other variety proved the most successful. It all depended upon the market prices of the fruits and the relative bearing of the different trees. He had found that by having a great number of varieties of trees planted on a large scale he could depend better upon a regular crop. Some years blights, insects or other causes would affect the Baldwin trees or those of the Ben Davis sort, and not the Greenings, Jonathans or Russets. As he was in the business for profit, he could not afford to run any risk. This grower represented to my mind exactly what a man should do to be successful in apple growing. The man who pins his faith to one or two varieties, I believe, will sooner or later regret it. It is better to have too many varieties than too few. The main thing is to make the selections only from a list of approved varieties, those which bring good market prices and which do well in bearing under ordinarily good conditions.

C. L. MAURY.
Ohio.

Vegetables in Boston Market.

The vegetable trade has not quite recovered its normal condition, which is in part due to the heavier trade before Christmas, and to the rain of Monday. Southern produce is scarce, at least that of prime quality. Beets are 40 to 50 cents a box, carrots 50 cents, parsnips 65 to 75 cents each, and dill turnips 40 to 50 cents. Yellow turnips 75 to 85 cents a barrel, and white French 1.25. Onions selling slowly with prices a little in favor of buyers. Natives 1.25 to 1.40 a bushel, western Massachusetts \$3.50 to \$4.50 a barrel, York State \$3.25 to \$3.75, and a few Bermudas at \$3 a case. Leek steady at 40 to 50 cents a dozen and radishes 35 to 40 cents. Celery is \$2.50 to \$3 radishes 35 to 40 cents. A long box for white, \$4 for Boston Market and \$3 to \$4.50 for Paschal, much not being first class. Salsify is 75 cents to \$1 a dozen.

Egg plant rather poor at \$4 to \$5 a box. Ho house tomatoes 25 to 30 cents a pound and Southern poor at \$3 a crate. Cucumbers higher at \$13 to \$15 per hundred and Florida peppers \$3.50 to \$4 a case. Squash are steady: Western Hubbard \$35 a ton, Turban and Bay State \$50 and Marrow \$40 to \$45. Pumpkins are higher and scarce at \$1.25 a box. Mushrooms 40 to 60 cents a pound.

Cabbages in fair supply at 75 cents to \$1 a barrel, red cabbage 60 to 75 cents a box. Cauliflowers \$1 a box, and a few from California at \$3.50 a case. Sprouts 15 to 17 cents a quart. Lettuce \$1.50 to \$2.25 a long box. Some native spinach in at 75 to 85 cents a box. Baltimore \$1.50 to \$1.75 a barrel, and Norfolk \$2 to \$2.50. Beet greens \$1.25 a box and dandelions \$1.50 to \$1.75. Parsley \$2. Romaine \$1 to \$1.25 a dozen, Endive 75 cents, Florida string beans in moderate supply at \$3.50 to \$4.50 a crate.

Potatoes are in full supply, with demand moderate. Arrostoch Green Mountains 83 to 85 cents. Hebrons 80 to 83 cents, and both must be extra to bring top price. Rose dull at 80 cents. Dakota Red and York State Green Mountains 75 to 78 cents, Prince Edward Island Chenagoes 70 to 75 cents. Scotch Magnums 82 to 82.15 for 100-pound sack. A moderate demand for sweet potatoes and Vineland cloth-head barrels are \$3.25. Jersey double-head barrels, \$3.

Export Apple Trade.

The total apple shipments to European ports during the week ending Dec. 28, 1901, were 24,725 barrels, including 8869 barrels from Boston, 5761 barrels from New York, 6837 barrels from Portland and 3258 barrels from Halifax. The total shipments included 19,081 barrels to Liverpool, 3414 barrels to London, 2017 barrels to Glasgow and 213 barrels various. The shipments for the same week last year were 31,213 barrels. The total shipments since the opening of the season have been 526,965 barrels, against 988,885 barrels for the same time last year. The total shipments this season include 110,214 barrels from Boston, 101,455 barrels from New York, 43,166 barrels from Portland, 122,406 barrels from Montreal, 148,402 barrels from Halifax and 1223 barrels from St. John, N. B.

Cable dispatch from Liverpool on Dec. 30 says: "Very few apples sold today; demand active and prices are advancing; next sale Friday."

The exports of dairy products from New York last week included 784 packages of butter to Liverpool, 104 to London, 100 to Hamburg and 100 to Copenhagen, with 4436 boxes of cheese to Liverpool, 520 to London, 2056 to Bristol, 1290 to Hull, 516 to Newcastle, 30 to Glasgow, 308 to Mediterranean ports, a total of 2082 packages of butter and 9485 boxes of cheese. The total shipments of boots and shoes from Boston this week have been 112,170 cases, against 103,729 cases last week; corresponding period last year, 86,082. The total shipments thus far in 1901 have been 4,867,077 cases, against 4,288,107 cases in 1900.

The exports from the port of Boston for the week ending Dec. 28, 1901, included 104,048 pounds of butter, 344,656 pounds and 63,359 pounds of lard. For the same week last year the exports included 3000 pounds of butter, 290,420 pounds of cheese and 60,038 pounds of lard.

The world's exports of grain last week were reported as 6,891,543 bushels of wheat from five countries and 6,110,436 bushels of corn from four countries. Of this 4,291,543 bushels of wheat and 424,336 bushels of corn were from the United States.

The Official Freight List makes the New York exports to Europe and Africa, including last Saturday's sailings, 14,029 boxes of bacon, 2700 tierces and 40,035 packages of lard, 2776 packages of beef and 248 packages of pork.

Traffon makes the exports from the Atlantic and Gulf ports last week to include 387,900 barrels of flour, 1,713,000 bushels of wheat, 308,000 bushels of corn, 2320 barrels of pork, 11,867,000 pounds of lard, 32,853 boxes of meats.

Eastbound shipments from Chicago to the seaboard last week were: Flour, 228,619 barrels, an increase over the previous week of 38,294, and an increase of 32,429 as compared with the same week last year; grain, 1,470,000 bushels, a decrease of 629,000 from the previous week and an increase of 77,000 over the same week last year; provisions, 47,878,000 pounds, a decrease of 3,982,756 from the previous week, and a decrease of 227,890 as compared with the same week last year.

The State Agricultural Board of Kansas reports a wheat crop for 1901 of 90,000,000 bushels, worth \$50,000,000, and a corn crop of 21,000,000 bushels. All live stock excepting swine and sheep show an increase which as a total amounts to \$9,500,000. The agricultural products increased in value \$7,458,000, making the total amount produced on farms and ranches \$106,254,000, nearly \$17,000,000 more than last year, and \$45,000,000 more than two years ago. Pretty well for a season of drought.

The shipments of live stock and dressed beef last week included 2549 cattle, 4197 sheep, 8948 quarters of beef from Boston, 2652 quarters of beef from New York, 16,744 quarters of beef from New York; 300 cattle, 1430 sheep, 967 quarters of beef from Baltimore; 719 cattle, 700 quarters of beef from

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AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, NEW YORK.



Philadelphia: 1167 cattle, 765 sheep from Port land, a total of 7864 cattle, 8932 sheep, 29,363 quarters of beef from all ports. Of this, 4883 cattle, 6092 sheep, 22,690 quarters of beef went to Liverpool; 1824 cattle, 1275 sheep, 8833 quarters of beef to London; 765 cattle, 125 sheep to Glasgow; 176 cattle, 630 sheep to Bristol; 300 cattle, 750 sheep to Hull; 750 quarters of beef to Southampton, and 16 cattle, 50 sheep, 100 quarters of beef to Bermuda and West Indies.

Washington dispatch says that representatives of the beet sugar interests openly declare that the sugar trust and the tobacco interests of this country have control by option, previous purchase and other contract of the tobacco and sugar production of Cuba.

A drumer mutton market is noted, with lambs higher and good veals very firm. Lambs 11 cents, fancy and Brightons 10 to 11 1/2 cents, yearlings 5 to 7 cents, muttons 5 to 7 cents, fancy 7 to 7 1/2 cents, veals 8 to 10 cents, and fancy and Brightons 10 to 11 cents.

—Pork and lard are quiet and unchanged: Heavy backs \$21.25, medium \$20.50, long cut \$21.75, lean ends \$23, bean pork \$17.75 to \$18.50, fresh ribs 11 1/2 cents, smoked shoulders 9 1/2 cents, fresh ribs 11 1/2 cents, in rolls 12 to 12 1/2 cents, hams 12 1/2 to 13 cents, skinned hams 12 cents, sausage 10 cents, Frankfort sausages 9 1/2 cents, bologna 9 1/2 cents, pressed hams 12 cents, raw leaf lard 12 cents, rendered leaf lard 12 cents, in rolls 12 to 13 cents, pork tongues \$22.50, loose salt pork 10 1/2 cents, brisquets 11 1/2 cents, sausage meat 9 1/2 cents, Quaker scrapple 10 cents, country-dressed hogs 74 cents.

World's wheat exports last week 6,891,547 bushels, against 6,204,834 previous week and 6,105,105 last year. Corn exports last week 6,110,336 bushels, against 3,738,941 previous week and 4,933,165 last year.

World, Washington, special says President Roosevelt and the new postmaster-general, Henry C. Payne, advocate government ownership of telegraph lines. Some legislation may be had this session. An issue of \$200,000,000 Government bonds is suggested, whereby the Postal and Western Union companies may be taken over.

—Senator Mason, chairman of the Senate committee on postoffices and post roads, declares in favor of the general proposition of Government ownership in telegraph lines. He says he has not drafted any bill, but believes that the telegraph should be a part of the postal system of the country, as the purpose of the mails and the telegraph is identical. Postmaster-General Payne is understood to favor making the telegraphs an adjunct of the postal service.

JAMES BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

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—Wednesday was a very dull day in the beef trade. Best sides are firm, but medium and low grades are dull and easy. Extra sides 9 1/2 to 9 3/4 cents, heavy 8 1/2 to 9 cents, good 7 to 8 cents, light grass and cows 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 cents, extra hinds 11 1/2 cents, good 10 to 11 cents, light 8 1/2 to 9 1/4 cents, extra fores 6 1/2 to 7 cents, heavy 5 to 6 1/2 cents, good 5 to 5 1/2 cents, light 4 to 5 cents, backs 6 1/2 to 9 cents, rattles 4 1/2 to 5 cents, chucks 5 1/2 to 7 1/2 cents, short ribs 7 1/2 to 12 1/2 cents, rounds 6 1/2 to 8 1/2 cents, rumps 6 1/2 to 13 cents, humps and loins 9 1/2 to 15 cents, loins 9 1/2 to 17 cents.

—The visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada, Dec. 28, included 58,648,000 bushels of wheat, 11,202,000 bushels of corn, 5,296,000 bushels of oats, 2,481,000 bushels of rye and 2,483,000 bushels of barley. Compared with a week previous, this shows a decrease of 157,000 bushels of wheat, 333,000 bushels of oats and 79,000 bushels of corn and 404,000 bushels of barley. One year ago the supply was 64,466,000 bushels of wheat, 9,054,000 bushels of corn, 2,853,000 bushels of oats, 1,262,000 bushels of rye and 2,662,000 bushels of barley.

—Eggs are firm for strictly fresh lots. Nearby and Cape fancy are 35 to 38 cents. Northern and Eastern choice fresh 32 to 33 cents, fair to good 28 to 30 cents, Michigan fancy candied 30 cents. Western selected candied 27 to 28 cents, fair to good 25 to 26 cents, and candied 24 to 25 cents. Refrigerator eggs in good demand at 18 to 20 cents, with some fancy marks at 21 cents. The stock in cold storage stands at 38,890 cases, against 26,470 cases same time last year. The receipts for the month of December were 42,248 cases, against 45,758 cases same month last year. For the year the receipts aggregated 1,041,555 cases, as compared with 986,367 cases the year previous.

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MASSACHUSETTS' PLOUGHMAN

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 11, 1902.

Are the resolutions taking?

The new year has begun to move.

A happy new term, Governor Crane!

All hail the Great and General Court!

Boston has christened the skates of Christmas and recovered from those of New Year's Eve.

Ha! A Boston woman admits an attempt to cheat the custom house. Here is material for another New York investigation.

The reports do not say whether Dr. Charles I. Kloss is married or single. We await the information with impatience.

The rain doesn't consider the snow beautiful, judging from its immediate endeavor to wash it up.

The automobile even overturns young and beautiful actresses. We have believed all along that the machine is equally lacking in taste and courtesy.

We learn with grief that the Old Sleuth Library can no longer go through the mails at the pound rate. However, Sleuth was always clever at disguise.

Sympathy must occasionally draw the line, and even the tender years of the culprits is no excuse for continued petty thievery at the South Terminal.

The women of Boston are still being robbed of their diamonds,—even to the extent that we begin to wonder whether being robbed of diamonds isn't becoming a fad.

When Pana, Ill., starts in to exterminate sparrows, the affair is made a social function ending with a banquet. Our own sparrows may well shudder when they hear of the slaughter.

The College Endowment Association of Milwaukee cannot listen to a lecture by Clara Morris. The emancipation of feminine Milwaukee advances with a very tremulous stride.

"Old Man" Harvey is not so old as his title would seem to indicate, or else he would have been permitted even his sense of humor to lead him into picking the pockets of a police captain.

If the good people of Knickerbocker New York could subscribe to the daily papers, the popularity of the tenpin right here in Boston would make them wonder which city is really inhabited by their descendants.

The friends of Admiral Schley are reported to have turned their efforts toward a retirement on full pay, possibly as a sort of indemnity for the injury that they have already done his reputation.

Professor Atwater still stands to his bottle, and it is as difficult as ever to see where lies the total abstinence' excited notion that a acknowledged food value in alcohol must necessarily increase the attractiveness of drink.

Bishop Potter is probably no more surprised than many other people at the immediate results of his expressed opinion concerning the practical working of a certain proportion of the very good intentions of temperance agitators.

Whoever has seen the Rev. Minot Savage's introduction to "The Enduring and Temporary Elements of Religion" must admit that it is in harmony with the title. It covers the subject with something like ten semicolons, one period, and uncounted commas.

No: we do not anticipate the actual adoption of a dinner coat to cover the arms and shoulders of the fair at formal dinners. Draughts may come and draughts may go, but the *decollete* gown was not invented for the purpose of being supplemented with auxiliary sleeves and collars.

It would certainly do America no harm to become actually familiar with the French drama, but we are strongly of the opinion that the proposed experiment in Gotham would do well to start with a comparatively small auditorium. It is much more healthful for such experiments to grow than to shrink.

Bradstreet says that complete statistics of the production of dried beans are not to be had, but in 1900 Michigan probably led the list of States with 1,538,833 bushels, and New York took second place with 1,111,150 bushels. California had 691,140 bushels, and Wisconsin in 1895 produced 500,000 bushels. Probably these figures would be largely increased by smaller amounts grown in other States, but those four are the leading producers of them for market. It is said that in no year but 1897 has the production equaled the home demand. We formerly used to import largely from Canada, but in 1900 nearly one-half of our imports were from Austria-Hungary, and one-fifth from Canada. To offset this we export some to the West India Islands and Central America, and Cuba has been a good customer for a few years. The exports and imports are partly influenced by the condition of crops here, and partly due to an exchange of varieties, selling such abroad as are not in demand at home, and buying such as other countries produce.

What would people have thought fifty years ago had they been asked to a Christmas dinner, at which was to be served not only the usual turkey or goose with cranberry sauce and the regulation pudding, but sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, with a dessert of pears, grapes, oranges and strawberries, all native grown? We cannot imagine, but one need not be a millionaire to be able to indulge in all these now, though they might seem extravagant to the poor man. And if they had wanted a course of fish, they would not have expected salmon from Oregon or pompano from Florida. They would not have used a California raisin in their pudding, nor made it from flour that was, perhaps, made from wheat grown in Nebraska or Manitoba, or sweetened their pudding from beet sugar made in this country. Perhaps they were as well pleased with what they had then, and the simple dessert of apples and good older, but they could not boast that all was the product of the United States, as they might now, and lack none of the luxuries that the rich enjoy.

The Rhode Island Experiment Station has been testing the several varieties of celery that have had best sale in that section, including Sandringham or Incomparable Dwarf, Boston Market, Golden Heart, White Plume, Rose, Paris Golden and Giant Paschal. The White Plume, Paris Golden and Paschal are most grown for Providence market, but Paris Golden is preferred, because it has not a strong bitter flavor that is sometimes found in the White Plume, but it is more frequently subject to what is known as the black heart disease. The Giant Paschal has preference as a winter variety, because it is one of the largest varieties grown. We have tried all the above named excepting the Sandringham, and agree with their decision, but would say that on dry soil where it would not grow too rank the Rose gives the best flavored celery we ever ate, but by the side of the Paschal on land fitted for the latter, it grows coarse and stringy with a hollow stalk. The Boston Market is the best flavored celery next to the Rose, but it does not yield as well as the Paschal, and it is not easy to obtain the pure seed.

Concerning Equality.

Those of us who read Judge Robert Grant's clever and stimulating novel, "In-venanted Bread," remember that one of the best passages in the story is that in which Flossie, the wife of the New York broker, replies with eloquence and keen womanly satire to Selma Littleton's assertion that classes and denials of perfect equality are "un-American." And some of us who have been privileged to hear Judge Grant's own reading of this passage will remember it always as one of the most powerful in the whole book. For he, of course, holds with Flossie that there are and must always be classes and distinctions even in our democratic America.

The truth is that in our insistence in this country upon the ideal of democracy we have allowed the real facts to be obscured. It is obvious, as the bright woman in the book asserted: "All people are not equal. Ignorance is not equal to culture. Boorishness is not equal to refinement. Incapacity is not equal to capacity. Social station is not made by protesting that one has it, and happiness can be found only by modestly accepting the reality of social grades. To be any real thing is better than to be an imitation. Sincerity is the foundation of character, and character determines quality."

This is not, of course, to deny the beauty of Thomas Jefferson's noble sentiment embodied in our Constitution,—that all men are created equal." But contestants in a race do not all make the same progress because all have not had the same start. And though one may be disposed to grant Jefferson's "self-evident truth," the epithet "beautiful" regarded as a piece of rhetoric, it can scarcely be said to stand the test of observation in a land where the child of the slums is often ground down all his life by the offspring of a millionaire.

There is a clause, however, in the catechism of the Church of England which many of us would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. This proclaims that it is a part of what one owes to one's Creator to "do one's duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call one." Naturally and inevitably all states are not the same. But the servant who meets bravely and sweetly the just obligation of his position is quite equal in nobility of character to the master who stands upright in his official capacity and serves his nation right manfully. Yet for the servant to demand invitations to the same social functions as are open to his master would be palpably absurd.

There is a lot of nonsense talked in these days, especially among women, about "equality." The Selmas are continually shouting that they are "as good as any body," and as a result we are short on housemaids and long on "professors of education," and not until the educated women of our nation take this matter in hand, and preach, without ceasing, in all our clubs and trades unions, the truth that the fetic of "equality" has been too long worshipped among us, will the foolish old order of the nineteenth century be changed. Well did the astute Flossie say: "To be a genuinely good servant is much better than to be a sham lady."

Valuable for Hay.

Here are three important propositions having an agricultural bearing:

1. Grass is the most valuable crop in Vermont and in many parts of New England and New York.

2. No species of grass commonly cultivated does well on low, wet ground. Such ground usually produces a mixture of weeds and sedges known as "swale hay."

3. It has now been shown that a native species, fowl meadow grass, can be established in these low meadows, where it will thrive and produce hay equal in quantity and quality to the best timothy or red top.

This announcement rests on the results of seven years' experiments conducted by Prof. L. R. Jones, botanist of the Vermont Experiment Station.

Seed of fowl meadow grass is almost unknown in the seed market, but it is not difficult to gather from the wild plants. It can be secured in this way at a cost of about 55¢ a bushel. Professor Jones advises sowing in mixture on wet soils, the following being merely a sample prescription for an acre:

Timothy, ten pounds.

Alsike clover, six pounds.

Red top (re-cleaned), four pounds.

Fowl meadow (in chaff), ten pounds.

These should be sown in midsummer without a nurse crop.

The timothy and red top are apt to take the ground at first, and may predominate for the first two or three years even. But as they succumb to the wetness of the soil the fowl meadow grass takes their places, and presently will be found to have occupied nearly the whole territory.

Farmers who have low, wet meadow land, where red top and timothy do not succeed, should look carefully into the merits of fowl meadow grass. It is native and hardy, and not controlled by any trust.

BOSTON CATTLE MARKET FOR 1901.

The following statement of the live stock received at Brighton and Watertown yards for the year 1901 is a matter of interest to our readers. Receipts for 1901 aggregated 181,096 cattle, 431,026 sheep, 97,473 veals, 1,303,301 hogs and 6109 pigs.

This shows an increase in every item as compared with the year 1900, when the receipts were 177,951 cattle, 387,424 sheep, 93,210 veals, 1,266,754 fat hogs, 5488 pigs. The year 1899 showed more cattle and hogs, less sheep and veals.

The receipts of cattle during 1901 have only been exceeded in four years out of the past ten. The number of sheep received in

1901 is greater than the number received in 1900 or 1899, but is far less than the number received in previous years.

The number of veals received in Boston market during 1901 is greater than the number received in any year during the last thirteen years. The number of fat hogs received in 1901 has only been exceeded in Boston market during six of the previous years.

It is interesting to note the number of cattle and sheep from each of the New England States, northern New York, Canada and the West. In the matter of cattle, of course the West is far ahead of any other source of supply, furnishing 113,239 of the total, while Canada sends 19,889 cattle, Massachusetts furnishes 14,401, more than any other New England State, Vermont 12,968, New Hampshire 9053, Maine 9822, New York State 776, Rhode Island and Connecticut 190.

During the last few years Massachusetts has furnished more cattle than any of the other New England States. Maine used to be our largest source of supply in the New England States, but recently New Hampshire and Vermont have gained on Maine. Not before in ten years has Canada supplied us with so many cattle as the past year. At no time within ten years has the West furnished us so few cattle as during 1901. Thus, in 1896 the West furnished us 181,211 cattle, and in 1897 180,876 cattle.

The receipts of cattle are quite evenly distributed, although the quarter ending Dec. 25 shows the largest receipts. Next comes the quarter ending June 26. The bulk of the Canadian cattle were received during the quarter ending Dec. 25, while the receipts from the New England States were quite equally distributed throughout the year.

As to the supply of sheep the West furnished us 321,636, Canada 80,024, Vermont 25,126, New Hampshire 11,819, Maine 9006, Massachusetts 3183, New York 322. These figures show an enormous increase from the West, about 118,000 in excess of last year.

While the receipts from Canada fell off nearly 30,000 head, singularly enough the receipts of sheep from Maine fell off fifty per cent. New Hampshire fell off from 17,382 in 1900, down to 11,819 in 1901. Vermont fell off some 7000 head during last year, and Massachusetts over 1300 head.

By far the largest proportion of the year's receipts of sheep came to Boston during the quarter ending Dec. 25, when over one-third the total amount was received. The receipts of sheep were the lightest for the quarter ending June 26. The receipts from the West were very evenly distributed throughout the year, while three-quarters of the Canadian supply came in the last three months of the year. Over half the supply of sheep from Vermont came in during the quarter ending Dec. 25.

There have been years when Maine supplied this market with upwards of 30,000 sheep per annum, when New Hampshire supplied us with 29,000 per annum, and for quite a number of years prior to 1896 the supply of sheep from Vermont ranged from 61,000 to 75,000. In 1892 and 1893 northern New York sent us upwards of 10,000 sheep each year. In 1895 the West shipped us 98,973 sheep, in 1897 70,124 sheep.

More cattle are received over the Boston & Albany Railroad than by any other means of communication, some 87,281 head having arrived over the road during the past year, while the Fitchburg is credited with 51,875, the Lowell with 26,430, the Eastern 11,350, while 4100 head were received on foot or by steamboat.

Of the sheep 224,406 head came in over the Fitchburg Railroad, 81,355 over the Lowell Railroad, 68,659 over the Eastern and 46,380 over the Boston & Albany.

The proportions of cattle and sheep do not vary much from total shipped by each road during 1900. The hog business at Boston has assumed large proportions, showing a determination on the part of our pork packers to brace every nerve to keep this commodity at the front. Dealers in cattle have struck out boldly in exports as well as in the home trade, and sheep dealers have had plenty of courage to wrest, notwithstanding high prices in the West and the moderate prices in Boston market for dressed stock.

The market for veals has been thrifty, and the season of dull markets seems to be confined to the past. Still, the shipments here are larger than any year for the past ten years in the matter of veal calves. Milch cows have come in quite freely, and yet have commanded good market prices.

There have been large arrivals of horses in this market, shipped mainly from the West, largely for home trade. For the better class of horses there has been a constant demand, and buyers could not be filled as fast as received.

The live stock market of Boston is an important feature in the commerce of the city. From rough estimates the cattle which have been received at our markets in 1901 cost \$14,221,011. Prices have compared favorably with the preceding year, with top prices 65¢ to 75¢, dead weight, for cattle, down to 15¢ to 30¢, live weight, for the common cattle, including cattle for canning purposes.

Arrivals of sheep show considerable excess of last year. As the arrivals are largely from the West, the quality of the offerings, for the most part, could be relied upon and prices have been quite reasonable, some of the best lambs selling at a range of \$5.75 per hundred pounds, the best sheep at \$4.25 per hundred pounds. Estimated cost of the year's receipts \$1,804,824.

In the item of hogs 129,637 more have been received this year than in 1900, and dealers expressed themselves satisfied, all things considered, with the year's business. Present prices on Western hogs range from 65¢ to 68¢ cents per hundred, live weight, laid down here. The money value on the year's supply of hogs in this market aggregates \$18,140,083.

The trade in veal calves showed but little variation in prices during the year. Good selling veals are now 55¢ to 65¢ cents per pound. Estimated value of all arrivals of veals for the year \$87,365.

It has been a good season for the sale of horses, and the business has exceeded that of last year, with total arrivals 25,792 head, against 23,270 arrivals in 1900. If the arrivals have averaged \$125 a head, the year's business, not including nearby horses, would aggregate a value of \$3,224,000.

One of the British officers who has lately returned from South Africa, in an address before the Lanark volunteers, made a plea for more trenching tools for the troops out there, which he thought were much needed because of the intense rapid fire of magazine rifles and machine guns, under which men could only live by digging shelters for themselves. He thought every infantry soldier should be provided with a spade. We do not know how this would be considered by the rank and file. We have seen the time when on a march of thirty-six miles in eighteen hours or less, and with about forty pounds of gun and equipments, provisions and personal baggage, we should not have been anxious to add a spade to

the load. We have burrowed in the dirt and thrown up a bullet-proof shelter in front of us pretty rapidly by loosening the earth with the bayonet in one hand, and throwing it out with a plate, made by heating an old canteen until the sides came apart, in the other hand. But we agree with him that volunteers with a little drill and a few days' service can make better soldiers than the regulars, because they retain something of their individuality. They can and will do a little thinking for themselves, and regard a safe position and a chance to shoot without being shot as of more importance than keeping a straight line and touching elbows. From the days of General Braddock's defeat, when Colonel Washington's militia saved the remnants of his troops, down to the last fight in the Boer war, the British army have learned but little of this lesson. "A solid column and close up the gaps" has made them always a target to be shot at, rather than a force to do the shooting. Bravery should be accompanied by prudence.

Leslie's Weekly calls attention to the fact that forty per cent. of the people of the United States are farmers, or living upon farms, and they not only produce enough to feed and clothe themselves and the other sixty per cent. of the inhabitants, but send away \$1,000,000,000 worth of their products to other countries. And while many crops were small last fall, the rise in value was such that they received about as much for them, or perhaps more than in years past. The great diversity of crops or agricultural products helps to make the country self-sustaining. Germany will suffer if the beet crop fails. Russia is in a famine when they do not produce wheat and rye enough, and often if they do, because they cannot obtain transportation cheaply from one section to another. Australia is largely dependent upon the price of wool, and nearly all other countries have one leading product upon which they must depend, and to lose which means a disaster to the whole country. But the United States produces nearly one-half of the agricultural products of the world, and her surplus after supplying our own inhabitants is much more than the surplus of all other countries, although we are but about one-fifth of the inhabitants of the world. We produce, according to that paper, 75 per cent. of all the cotton and corn, 30 per cent. of the wheat, 26 per cent. of the oats, 38 per cent. of the meat, 26 per cent. of the hay, 27 per cent. of the butter and cheese, 50 per cent. of the eggs, 12 per cent. of the wool, etc., that supplies the wants of the entire population of the world. We do not vouch for the correctness of these figures, but have no doubt they are very nearly correct, unless in the matter of meat is taken into account the wild animals and birds killed in those remote regions where they do not depend upon raising and feeding domestic animals for food purposes.

A Canadian paper tells of a Montreal house that has sold two thousand packages of pure Canadian creamery butter, of next year's make, to an English firm, on private terms. As it is to be packed in firkins of 112 pounds it equals 112 tons of butter. We are glad to learn that the English buyers have enough of confidence in the butter makers of Canada to engage their product seven months ahead, as that paper says they have, but as the terms are private, it looks to us very much like some of the dealings in futures of stock and bond markets, so common in our stock exchanges, when more is sold in a week, perhaps, than could be produced in a year. Neither buyer nor seller ever sees the goods. It is a simple gambling transaction, and the loser pays the difference between the price named and the market price on day of delivery. It does not help the trade, or the farmer, unless the seller is able to so manipulate the market as to make the current price higher than its actual value, and even then, if he plays skillfully, he may have obtained control of enough at low prices before the day of settlement to obtain a profit both from the producer and the so-called buyer. The fact that the butter trade of Canada increased last year does not prove that it will do so next year. There may not be a drought, or other cause, to keep the supply short in the United States, and New Zealand is looking for a better market in England, and sending very good butter to clinch their claim on it, now they have refrigerator steamers.

We believe that every farmer who sells sugar beets to the sugar factory at \$4 per ton is not getting a "new dollar for an old one." He is just "swapping a good cent for a hog cent," as the old saying used to be, unless he can get back the pulp that his beets make to take home for feeding to stock. In that case he may find a profit in it, and if he has not stock to feed it to, or has not the means of keeping it in silo or elsewhere until he can feed it out without its fermenting, he has no business to grow them. He can grow crops in any State this side of the Mississippi river that will sell for more good money and buy better feed. He can grow corn fodder and put it in the silo and get his food much cheaper than he can grow beets. We will not speak of States west of that, as we have not visited them. But there is no need to talk of employing idle land and idle labor in beet growing. We may have both, but both can be devoted to better use than growing sugar beets, unless as we say one can get a double price for them by selling the sugar and feeding the pulp, and even then we should not be sure that they could not be better employed.

Boston Carpet Consolidation.

It turns out that the hint given in these columns lately, in respect to a rumored consolidation of the great carpet interests of Boston, was well founded.

It is now learned that the old and large firm at present styled the John H. Pray & Sons Company, which has been doing business at the Hub for well-nigh one hundred years, has lately acquired the other business of that strong firm known as Joel Goldthwait & Co., and by so doing consolidated in one establishment practically all the carpet business of the New England metropolis.

The Pray Company has long occupied the front rank as regards the extent of its sales of both foreign and domestic floor coverings, and henceforth, as a result of the new consolidation, its supremacy will be even greater.

Our correspondent, who sends us this information, called at the extensive Pray store, 646 to 658 Washington street, opposite Boylston street, and inquired what effect, if any, the consolidation would have upon the purchasing public. "A beneficial one in all respects," was the reply. "Many economies will be made possible through the consolidation, the result being that our assortment of patterns will be wider, and prices somewhat lower, than has hitherto been possible. The gathering of practically the entire carpet business of New England into the Pray hands will prove of unquestioned advantage to every carpet purchaser."

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The New York Markets.

Potatoes are in better supply and easier owing to heavy importations, and stock must be extra to bring top quotations. Prime Long Island \$2.25 to \$2.50 a barrel, State and Western \$2 to \$2.25 a sack, Maine prime \$2.25 to \$2.30 a bag, \$2.25 to \$2.50 for 180 pounds, German fancy, 112-pound sack, \$1.40 to \$1.50, Belgian, 168-pound sack, \$1.90 to \$2.10, Scotch, 168-pound, \$2.05 to \$2.15, Irish and English \$2 to \$2.10, foreign, poor to fair, \$1.50 to \$1.80, South Jersey sweet potatoes in light supply \$2.75 to \$3.75 a barrel. Onions not plenty and good stock higher. State and Western yellow \$3 to \$3.50 a barrel, red \$3.25 to \$3.75. Connecticut yellow \$3.25 to \$3.75, red \$3.50 to \$4, white \$3.50 to \$6. Orange county onions, per bag, yellow \$2.75 to \$3.25, red \$3 to \$3.50, white \$2 to \$4.50, poor to fair \$1.50 to \$2.50. Beets, nearby \$1 to \$1.25 a barrel, and New Orleans \$2.50 to \$3 per 100 bunches. Celery, State and Western 10 to 20 cents a dozen roots. Jersey and Long Island flat bunches 75 cents to \$1 a dozen. Carrots \$1 to \$1.25 a barrel. Russia turnips, Jersey, 75 cents a bushel, and Canada 75 to 85 cents a barrel. Squash \$2.25 a barrel for Hubbard and \$1.75 to \$2 for marrow.

Cabbages are steady at \$3 to \$4 a hundred for Long Island. State and Western vary in quality from \$8 to \$13 per ton. Cauliflowers poor to fancy \$2 to \$7 a barrel and culls \$1 to \$1.50. Sprouts from 4 to 10 cents a quart. Lettuce from New Orleans \$3.50 to \$4.50 a barrel. Florida \$2 to \$3 a basket, and other Southern 75 cents to \$1.50. Florida egg plant 1-bushel crate \$3 to \$6, and tomatoes sell slowly at \$2 to \$3 a carrier. Spinach, Baltimore \$1.50 a barrel, and Norfolk \$1.50 to \$2. New Orleans chicory \$4 to \$5 a barrel, escarole \$3.50 to \$5, chicory \$4 to \$5, romaine \$3.50 to \$4.50 and kohlrabi \$3 to \$5 per hundred bunches. Fancy string beans in demand at \$3.50 to \$4 a crate or bushel basket, but low grade dull at \$2 to \$2.25. Hothouse lettuce scarce and firm at \$2 to \$2.50 a case. Tomatoes more plenty at 20 to 25 cents a pound. No. 1 cucumbers in demand at \$1.50 to \$1.75 a dozen, No. 2 dull at \$2 to \$4 a box. Mushrooms more abundant; good to fancy 30 to 40 cents a pound and poor to fair 15 to 25 cents.

Apples in only moderate supply and prices tending upward. Spitzenberg \$1.50 to \$7 a barrel, King and Greening \$4 to \$6, Baldwin prime \$4 to \$5, York Imperial, Stay, Wine Sap and Ben Davis \$3.50 to \$4.50, fair to good red winter sorts \$3 to \$3.50 and inferior \$1.75 to \$2.50. But few pears now. Keiffer \$2.50 to \$3 a barrel and common country \$1.50 to \$2. Grapes in light supply; Catawba \$1 to \$1.25 a case and 10 to 15 cents for small baskets, Concord \$1 to \$1.15 a case and 10 to 15 cents a basket. Cranberries are in fair demand and firm: Cape Cod fancy large late \$7.50 a barrel, Early Black \$6.75 to \$7, large late, good to choice \$6.50 to \$7.25, medium \$6 to \$6.50, poor \$5 to \$5.50, Jersey \$5.75 to \$6, crates \$1.50 to \$2.

Those who have charge of the McKinley National Memorial have announced that nothing of a commercial nature has any right to claim connection with the movement. The announcement comes in good season, and the case is certainly one in which certain forms of commercialism merit the only discouragement possible to them, a flat refusal to participate.

Thomas R. (4) 62.15, by Iran Alto (2) 121, was the biggest money-winning trotter on the California circuit last season. His winnings amounted to \$2470.

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Our Homes.

Turning a Leaf.

One year ago it was a new volume which we opened, the beginning of a century, and as we scanned its spotless pages we realized, somewhat vaguely, it is true, that few then living would be able to make the record complete. It is, however, rather good than ill fortune that we are not obliged to fill out a full hundred of years. Few could do so without encountering a series of physical and other ills which would be neither alluring nor inspiring.

It is rather with the units that we are concerned, a day at a time, a week, a month, a year. The last-named has ever seemed an exceptionally favorable space of time for accomplishment. An especial impetus to achievement comes with the New Year. One seems to have unusual energy at that time to throw off the old and take up the new.

Have we made mistakes during the past year? We will begin anew, profiting by past experience. Have we been inspired to undertake some new line of work? The New Year will witness our first efforts. Much good-natured railing has been indulged in at the expense of those who at the beginning of a new year break off old habits, only to return again when the glamour of the season has been lost in the every-day routine of affairs. Yet the arousing of conscience may not have been entirely in vain, and repeated trials may work the desired reform.

What infinite possibilities there are in a single year. Looking over the past one, the first of the century, we see a record of progress, and as we listen close to the heart of current events and note the "signs of the times," we are conscious of a powerful throbbing earnestness which augurs well for future accomplishment.

The present is in many ways a period of unrest. Great problems are presenting themselves for solution, and wonderful inventions and discoveries come thick and fast, necessitating new methods and new modes of living. One must be constantly alert if he would not be left behind in the race.

In the home, as elsewhere, changes are in order. The broader life of the women of today necessitates a reform in ancient methods of domestic work, if the housekeeper would be a successful home-maker and agreeable companion as well. If there are yet some who are drudging along under the mistaken idea that one must be a slave to mere things, that all else must be sacrificed to the Moloch of housework, making the home a place of drudgery rather than the dearest spot on earth, there is no better time for an awakening, for banishing the family bugbear, than the New Year.

Each year we are brought more and more to the realization of the rapid flight of time. The ancient scythe-bearer is inexorable in his demands upon us. Now is the time to do that which is clamoring to be done. The new leaf awaits our turning. There may never be another New Year for us. But that really is of little consequence. What is of deepest import is that we are here now, that a new opportunity awaits us, that now is the time to realize something of what in our inner consciousness is clamoring for achievement.

Action is the law of nature. Sometime, it is true, we must drop out by the wayside, but ere that time comes let us fill the leaves allotted to us on this plane of life with a record which shall show that we have not lived here in vain. Imbued with a determination to accomplish something worth while, if only the breaking away from a useless habit, the impetus thus given should make for each and all a Happy New Year.

ELIZABETH ROBBINS BERRY.

The Workbox.

KNITTED RUFFLE LACE.

Cast on 26 stitches; knit across plain once. 1st row—Slip 1, 3 plain, make 2 and seam 2 together, 2 plain, seam 1, 3 plain, make 2 and seam 2 together, 3 plain (make 2 and narrow) 4 times, make 2, 1 plain. 2d row—Slip 1, 14 plain, make 2 and seam 2 together, 6 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 2 plain. 3d row—Slip 1, 3 plain, make 2 and seam 2 together, 6 plain, make 2 and seam 2 together, 6 plain (make 2 and narrow) 3 times, make 2, 1 plain. 4th row—Slip 1, 15 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 6 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 2 plain. 5th row—Slip 1, 3 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 6 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 9 plain (make 2 and narrow) twice, make 2, 1 plain. 6th row—Slip 1, 14 plain, turn, 15 plain. 7th row—Bind off, 3, 13 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, narrow, make 2, narrow, 2 plain, make 2, seam 2 together, 2 plain.

Note—Where the make two is in one row on going back, knit only the one stitch of the over two, dropping the other half right off, thus producing a larger hole.

The Knot in the Collure.

The collure of the fashionable woman is a changeable fancy in these days, varied according to the requirements of the occasion and the style of costume with which it is worn.

The knot low at the nape of the neck is especially for full evening dress, and two or three curls are sometimes added. And again you see the knot a little higher on the head, and the front hair covering the ears in the genuine Cleo de Merode style.

The arrangement of the front hair is to a great degree a matter of becoming effect. It is parted in the centre, at one side or not at all, just as you fancy, and it is simply waved, not curled, or, what is better still, there is no wave at all.

The centre parting is very modish in Paris, with the low knot, and either one or two roses arranged just back of the left ear.

Fancy combs are still worn, but not so generally with the hair dressed low or so many of them.

A decided all around pompadour roll is quite out of style, and a more careless irregular line around the face is affected, sometimes drooping a little at one side or in the centre, or turning up a little in the centre and curving down a trifle at both sides.

Hair ornaments for evening wear are shown in a great variety of lace and ribbon bows, tulle and spangled agrettes, but if the low style of coiffure prevails the elaborate hair ornaments will not be so generally worn.

A small fancy comb, with jeweled points rising a little above the hair, is pretty on the top of the head, well toward the front.

When to Wind Your Watch.

"My watch had developed a most annoying irregularity," remarked a very businesslike woman. "It lost and gained time by turns until I conceived the disagreeable impression of having paid a first-class price for a third-class article. Full of resentment, I posted off to the dealer in chrono-

nometers from whom the watch had been purchased, and accused him of having treated me unfairly.

"He opened my timepiece," she continued, "and having examined its internal economy very closely, remarked: 'It's simply a case of unconscious cruelty to a faithful but sensitive friend.' These little workers that tirelessly tick along, even when their owners are asleep, are worthy of far better treatment than they receive. Fully ninety-nine per cent. of the people who carry watches never give them a thought."

"Take, for instance, the simple process of winding a watch. There is a right and a wrong way of doing it. Whether it be by key or a stem, it should be wound in the morning. Turn slowly and avoid all jerky movements. The watch will then work best during the day, as the spring will exert its strongest traction power, whereby the external jostling inflicted on the watch by your daily work and walks are fairly counterbalanced. When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and jolts of the daytime. The morning winding also lessens the danger of breaking the main-spring, which, being no longer at full tension at night, can stand the cold better."

"All watches keep better time as the result of regular habits. Don't lay it down one night and hang it up the next. Keep it in the same position as nearly as circumstances will permit. In second-class watches the rate difference between the horizontal and vertical position is often quite significant. Nor should you hang your watch on a nail where it can swing to and fro like a pendulum. It will either gain or lose a great deal while in that position."

"The difference in temperature between your breast or a man's waistcoat pocket and a wall that may be nearly at the freezing point, is about 77° to 88° F.; and a watch should therefore never be suspended or laid against a cold surface. Sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere are the causes of most mainspring breakings. The watch winder should clean his or her pockets frequently, carefully brushing out all dust and fibre, for there was never a joining made tight enough to keep out all the dust. This gets into the oil which has thickened with time, and necessarily produces irregularities of rate. Even with the greatest care a watch should be cleaned once in eighteen months, and every year would be better. By this time the oil dries up and mixes with metallic dust; it grinds away on the works like emery. When I tell you that a watch ticks 388,800 times in one day, you can compute the gigantic task it performs in a year. Treat your watch reasonably and it will appreciate such care, and will serve you faithfully as a friend in need."—Washington Star.

How to Preserve Good Hearing.

Do you want to be able to hear well, even if you live to be ninety or one hundred? Then keep the outside ear clean and let the inside alone. Nature has furnished a cleaning apparatus for the ear passages. Don't tamper with them. The entrance to the auditory canal is guarded by fine hairs that keep out dirt and insects. In the lining membrane of the canal is an oily, yellow wax that is bitter to the taste. On account of this bitter wax, no insect will of its own accord enter the canal. It is only by accident that an insect ever gets in the ear. The quickest way to get rid of it is to drop in a little sweet oil. This will either drown it or frighten it out.

The wax in the ear is absolutely necessary to keep it in a healthy condition. Never try to get it out. Always remember that Nature will not let the inner ear become dirty. Never insert the end of a wet towel or cloth into the ear to try to wash out the wax. Washing the auditory canal with soap and water is also injurious, as in this way the wax is moistened, and more easily collects dust and dirt. It is dangerous—and, if persisted in, surely produces deafness—to scratch the ear canal with pins, toothpicks or hairpins. Never put cold water or any other cold liquid in the ear. When going in swimming insert cotton or, what is still better, a little wool in the ear. When out in a cold wind or snowstorm it is best to protect the ears. Avoid blowing the nose violently in case of cold. This sometimes causes the inflammation to spread into the Eustachian tube, and causes deafness. Children's ears should never be doxed. A blow on the ear often drives the air with such force against the drumhead that it is ruptured by the shock.—Philadelphia Record.

Pure Milk.

In nothing that is bought for human food is the necessity of cleanliness and purity more manifest than in milk. Meats and vegetables are for the most part thoroughly cooked before they are eaten, fruits are peeled and nuts are shelled, but milk is more or less injured in flavor and in nutritive properties by boiling, and it has no protective covering to keep it clean. It is therefore essential for the consumer to know the history of the milk he gets.

In view of the importance of this question the provider of the family should, if possible, himself inspect the dairy his milk comes from, and should insist that the milk be clean. Cleanliness is the rule in every stage. The cow barn should be well ventilated and sunny, the cows should be healthy and clean, the milk should have well-washed hands, the udder should be washed before each milking, and the pail for receiving the milk should always be recently scalded, or, better, actually boiled. The receptacles containing the milk should be immediately cooled, and the milk never allowed to get warm again until it is delivered at the customer's house.

In many dairies and farms all these essentials are now strictly observed, and if the milk is then bottled at once and the bottle is kept sealed until delivered, one may feel reasonably certain that the milk is fit to drink. If this certainty is denied one, especially if there are young children in the family, the only recourse is sterilization. Boiling for a few minutes will kill all germs, but at the same time it kills the milk, which becomes a different fluid, and as many physicians believe, less nutritious than raw milk.

Another and less objectionable process is what is called "pasteurization," by which is meant keeping the milk at a temperature of about 170° for twenty minutes, but never letting it come to a boil.

Either boiling or pasteurization will destroy the germs which cause acid fermentation or putrefaction, as well as the germs of tuberculosis; but if these changes have occurred boiling will not annihilate the poisonous products already formed; it will not make bad milk good.

The addition of any of the various "preservatives" to milk is only an exchange of one poison for another, and should be condemned.—Youth's Companion.

On Drinking Water.

"A noted physician said in my hearing recently," remarked a woman the other day, "that if people drank water at the right time and in the right quantity, we doctors would have to go out of business."

"There are so many things which if we would do them just right life would be greatly simplified. It is overwhelming to glance over the list of specialists who do not retire because we make our lives so unnecessarily complex."

"First, water should be drunk between meals only. Thirst and hunger are different calls to supply different needs."

"As we chew the moisture necessary to shape our food for swallowing will form. How unreasoning, not to say foolish, to drink food down, washing away the relish which causes the flow of saliva, checking the saliva, without which the food will be deprived of a digestant, and for the time being paralyzing the digestive glands. Nature is gentle in her operations; seldom clamorous or insistent, except when abused, and when the precious fluids seem not to be wanted the little cells cease the supply."

"If we partake of a small portion of food and chew it slowly, every particle will become a sweet morsel under the tongue, with no need of water to wash it down, and indigestion and dyspepsia will disappear."

"Water is the first requisite in the morning before food. If only we would start our bodies, inside and out, well washed on the way of life, how responsive would they be, even to forced marches!"

"Insomnia is often the result of insufficient water. The natural thirst ceases to be felt as thirst, but comes as a general sign of restlessness—the nerves crying for water, instead of food and sleep."

"A certain proportion of our weight should be water. Ascertain from your physician the proper adjustment, then dip the water at intervals between digesting and the hours for repose and the 'drought' habit will disappear—and appendicitis, it is likely—that is, the tendency to appendicitis."

"The equilibrium of the body must be maintained with proper food, in season. 'To be one-sided,' in anything a great man has said, 'is to be lopsided.' And we would not be waterlogged!"

"It is not every one who can endure the morning bath and the morning exercises. The sick require special care, and we commend them to their physicians and nurses; but every one who would live must awaken, and if water in the night will help sleep, water in the morning will also help us awaken—fresh and bright—and prepare the digestive tract for its work."

"Ice water, however, is not to be considered. To put our living stomachs in cold storage is slow suicide, and a crime against health and common sense."—New York Tribune.

Glaze for Collars.

A glaze for linen collars may be made by dissolving an ounce of best white gum arabic in a quart of a pint of boiling soft water. Strain, and bottle for use. Put a small teaspoonful of the gum into a pint of cold water starch made with two ounces of white starch and a tablespoonful of turpentine. Mix, and dip each article in the starch, wring out, and dip into cold water again; wring out, and lay separately on a dry cloth, and cover with another dry cloth, roll up tightly, and leave for two or three hours. Iron slightly with a box iron on the wrong side and thoroughly on the right side until dry and stiff. Have a well-heated polishing iron, and use it with both hands to give weight and polish; then pass the box iron over the wrong side, giving the corners a curl round, and air before the fire.

The Cause and Cure of Snoring.

The snore of the heavy sleeper appears at last to be receiving the consideration from wakened sufferers that the heinousness of the offense merits. It may not be popularly known that snoring is merely the vibration of the velum pendulum palati, but it is no less a matter of interest to a great many people who either snore themselves or are annoyed by snorers. A well-known physician was asked the other day why people snore.

"Because they don't shut their mouths," he said.

"What is snoring?" "Well, it's common enough," said he, and in an off-hand fashion he explained that snoring is a noise made in the posterior part of the mouth and nasal fossae during the moments of inspiration.

It is due to a relaxation of the levator palati molles and the circumflexus palati in sleep, by which the velum pendulum palati is left free to vibrate or flap in the two currents of air which enter at the same time through the nostrils and the mouth. Besides the vibration of the velum pendulum palati, or soft palate, there is also vibration of the column of air itself. This is produced the rasping, snoring noise so well known and so unpleasant to every one within earshot of the placid snorer.

The doctor was asked what caused snoring?

"When a man is fatigued," he said, "and his self-control is unusually relaxed in sleep, he is apt to let his lower jaw drop down. In this position the tongue is apt to snore with his mouth shut. The moral is obvious."

"The soft palate flaps like a sheet in the wind, and the near neighbors of the snoring sleeper are correspondingly disturbed. Now, the Indians never snore. They think it a disgrace."

"An Indian believes that if he snores when he is young he will grow up to be even less handsome at maturity than nature originally intended. His vanity, therefore, is enough to make a savage sleep in a proper position."

Another well-known physician uptown, whose practice has been largely in cases of affections of the respiratory system, was asked whether snoring is a disease.

"Not so much a disease as a bad habit," he said, "but I am frequently called upon to prescribe for its cure."

"Can it be cured?" "Easily."

"Why do elderly or corpulent people commonly snore?"

"Because their systems are generally more relaxed in sleep, and their mouths then fall open. Any one will be likely to snore if he sleeps with his mouth open, and no one will if he shuts it."

"How can the habit be cured?" "First, you must give a person a chance to breathe through the nose, and then make him do so. If there is any obstruction in the nasal passage, that must be removed by treatment. Then if a snorer can't keep his mouth shut by force of will, his jaw must be tied up."

"A harness for the lower jaw is sometimes employed in bad cases of snoring. A skull-cap worn under the head serves to hold a system of straps under the chin and keep the mouth shut until the patient can form a habit of sleeping on his side, or with his

head sufficiently elevated to hold his jaw."

"Is it an easy matter to hold one's jaw when asleep?"

"Hardly more difficult than when awake."

"Why is snoring, then, so common if it is easily cured?"

"Because catarrhal troubles are so common, which prevent free inspiration through the nostrils. In sleeping cars and in hotels one frequently hears the resonant snore, because people in those places usually go to sleep tired out. An old doctor used to advocate sleeping on the face to guard against the possibility of snoring."

After all, snorers are more to be pitied than censured. They mean no harm to any waking mortal.—New York Sun.

Domestic Hints.

DEVILED LOBSTERS.

To devil lobsters cook one tablespoonful of butter and one small finely chopped onion together for three minutes. Add a half cupful of finely chopped mushrooms and cook five minutes. Add one tablespoonful of flour and cook three minutes. To this mixture add a half cupful of white stock or water, one teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne, a saltspoonful of black pepper and two cupfuls of lobster meat. Stir all together and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire and add two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped parsley and the yolks of two eggs. Mix the mixture into six baking shells or into hollow lobster shells. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, cover with melted butter and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

BROILED HAM AND EGGS.

Slice the ham very thin, take off the rind, and wash the slices in cold water. Broil carefully on a hot plate. Break as many eggs as you require into a pan of boiling water; when the white of the egg is done dip out carefully and lay the egg on the bacon. Sprinkle pepper and salt over each egg and serve.

POTATOES ON THE HALF SHELL.

Select good, white potatoes, and bake until the skin is quite firm. Wipe carefully, and cut each potato in halves. Scoop out the insides and mash together with a hard-boiled egg chopped fine, a little butter, pepper and salt. Fill the skins with this, and brush the tops with the yolk of a raw egg. Bake ten minutes, or until brown.

TAFIOGA CREAM.

A quarter of a cup of pearl tapioca, a cup of water, a pint of rich milk, three even tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, two eggs and a little salt. Soak the tapioca in the water two hours, then turn it into a double boiler with the milk; when it boils beat the yolks of eggs to a cream and the whites to a stiff froth, mix a little of the milk with the egg, then pour it into the boiler and stir a moment until thick, remove from the fire, add the vanilla extract and the beaten whites of eggs. The froth should show through the custard. Serve very cold in a glass bowl.

CLAM CHOWDER.

Take one quart of large, flat clams, one quart of milk, four good-sized potatoes, one small onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cut the fat part of the clams and place in a stewing vessel; then carefully strain the juice, to keep out the sand, and add to the clams. (As the fatty portion is the only digestible part of a clam, no other should be used.) Heat very slowly, add butter, milk, and bring to the boiling point in a double boiler. While this is heating, pare the potatoes and cut into small cubes; chop onion very fine, and cook them together in boiling salted water. Drain when done. When the clams have heated through thoroughly (not boiled) add all to the milk and serve at once in a hot soup tureen.

POTATO SALAD.

Eight good-sized potatoes boiled with the skins on; remove the skins and slice when very cold; slice two stalks of celery fine and add two onions chopped fine. To make the dressing take one tablespoonful of the best mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one cup of sweet cream, a little white pepper and salt. Beat the yolks in a bowl, set on the stove and boil until it becomes custard like; when cold beat with egg beater until like cream.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Sugar and the whites of eggs whipped together and baked in cake form are called kisses. When nuts or cocoanuts are added to the mixture they are called macaroons.

Cotton is better than linen for bandages, as linen dries the skin too quickly and absorbs the dressing. Plain white cheese cloth is best for the purpose.

Ivory can be cleaned with alcohol.

Never eat heartily when over-tired. Never go to bed hungry.

Do not let ink dry in the fabric. Sponge at once with milk, and then sponge out the grease with milk and benzine.

Flower garlands are very much used this season in bunches at one side of the bodice, trailing down on to the skirt and in tiny bouquets clustered about the flounces all around the skirt.

Chrysanthemums, large flowers, such as roses, chrysanthemums, orchids and geraniums, seem to be most popular.

Those who have experimented in the medicinal qualities of foods concede that onions have an immediate and soothing effect on the nerves. So it is this result that some persons are made drowsy for the remainder of the day after a nocturnal meal of which onions formed a generous part. The best way to prepare onions is to boil them, for the frying process involves too much roasting. Onions should be eaten raw, but it is no less a matter of interest to a great many people who either snore themselves or are annoyed by snorers. A well-known physician was asked the other day why people snore.

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Easy Harness

All harness, old or new, is made pliable and easy—will look better and wear longer—by the use of
Eureka Harness Oil
The finest preservative for leather ever discovered. Saves many times its cost by improved appearance and in the cost of repairs. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

of all the materials for the young woman's ball gown, and tulle ranks next, with the pretty dotted net. A very pretty frock of yellow mousseline de sole has an elaborate trimming of Brussels lace and fur, not for the debutante, however.

"In the colored fabrics of the various diphonous kinds, the tints are very delicate, so faint, in fact, that they are more like a reflection of color than the color itself. This is true of the flowered as well as the plain materials, the former showing the perfection of the dyer's art in producing delicate shading of hues."

"One pretty frock of white point d'esprit net has a shaped flounce decorated well over the surface and at the head, with a loop design in point d'Aleone lace insertion, dotted at intervals with white button roses and leaves."

"Very pretty and simple gowns are made of net trimmed with tiny ruffles edged with velvet ribbon, or a lace heading edge, which comes expressly for that purpose. Put the ruffles on in the form of a graduated flounce, covering a much wider space at the back than in front, and you will have a much more graceful skirt than the straight around line will give you."

"White gauze embroidered with either jet or steel spangles and black velvet polka dots makes a very striking evening dress, with black lace insertion for a finish. Like lace, the gauze and net gowns are all made over a chiffon interlining to soften the effect of the silk foundation."

"A charming gown of white chiffon has an accordion-plaited skirt with five bands of white glace silk set apart at wide intervals from just above the knee down to the lower portion, forming a flounce. The bodies of the gowns are lace extending down well over the hips in basque form, but fitting closely. The elbow sleeves of lace have chiffon frills, and chiffon scarf ends cross in front. The lace may be studied here and there with jet sequins with very good effect."

"Some lovely gowns are made of black mousseline de sole, inset with medallions of chintilly lace and trimmed with a lover-knot design with flowers and leaves of black velvet applique. This combined decoration practically covers the gown, and frills of mousseline finish the elbow sleeves."

—New York Sun.

The World Beautiful.

Lillian Whiting, in The Boston Budget.

"And the world that shall be
Twins the world that has been."

O birds of ether without wings!
O heavenly ships without a sail!
O fire of fire! O best of things!
O mariners who never fail!

"The stars are glowing wheels,
Giddy with motion Nature reels,
Sun, moon, man, undulate and stream,
The mountains flow, the solids seem,
Change acts, reacts, back, forward hurled,
And pause were palsy to the world."

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old seashore
With dialogue divine,
And the poet who overhears
Some random word they say,
Is the fated man of men
Whom the ages must obey."

The supreme event of the age, one had almost said of the ages, is the success of Marconi in the achievement of a message across the ocean by means of wireless telegraphy. It registers the actual advance of science into the unseen universe; the practical utilization of laws heretofore unsuspected as well as untraced; and it is the pledge and prophecy of life on a new and higher range of experiences.

Time and Space have always been the attributes that differentiated the finite from the infinite. In this life the legend has run, man is under the limitations of space and time; in the life to come he shall be liberated from these. But we are realizing that the mere change we call death is not the only liberator, and, too, that it is not, necessarily, liberation; but that the liberation attends knowledge, and is precisely conditioned on the degree to which man penetrates into the laws that govern the universe. So far as he advances into the knowledge of these, so far is he able to grasp and control them. Thus, man creates his own world.

The two realms of the Seen and the Unseen are interpenetrated, and are mutually complementary to each other. The Unseen is the world of cause; the Seen is the world of effect. Man is an inhabitant of both these worlds, related to the one by means of his physical nature, to the other by means of his spiritual nature. Now in any relative estimate of the great significance of progress the basis of that estimate is the spiritual and not the physical plane. The positive, the real world, is, of course, the world of causes; while the world of results and effects is merely that of the rudimentary, the experimental and the formative; but the two are not separated by any definite or fixed boundary, but are closely interrelated in the chain of evolutionary sequence. The horizon line of the unknown is constantly receding; science is conquering new territory and giving it to the use of man. Marconi's insight into the finer forces of nature—spiritual divination, as it were—has now flashed its results upon the world as an accomplished fact. It is commented upon as a wonderful triumph; its far-reaching significance is widely, if not universally, recognized. It is, however, the expressed opinion that it will be some incalculable period before wireless telegraphy shall assume its place in the commercial utilities of the world. But this is the electric age, and a discovery made today is adopted into the service of the world tomorrow, and

ROWNS EASY RELIEF

Indigestion, medicines to stop pain, we should avoid such as inflame the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is most destructive of nature; it masks the symptoms, shuts up the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the patient and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these unwholesome agents when a positive remedy, like ROWNS EASY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It constantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures constipation, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

STOPS PAIN

10 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Poetry.

HEART OF LOVE.

Oh, who is he, to whom—some—
Somewhere—shall surely come—
The fullness of heart desires—
When earth was silent, dumb—
To whom, for unrequited good—
On earth, shall surely be—
At last—return in plenitude—
Oh, who is he?—This he—
Who walks the common ways of earth
With heart of love for others;
And does the deed of lowly worth,
And calls all men his brothers—
Who thinks not of reward, but keeps
On each day bravely doing,
Who, when he wearies, sweetly sleeps,
Then wakes to fresh pursuing;
Who counts his duty pleasure, yea,
Its burden falls so lightly;
On whom, in love, the sun by day
Looks down, and love stars nightly—
Who, to his nobler self is true
In spirit, and in letter;
Who does as well as prays to do,
And seeks to make men better.
—GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY,
Geneseo, N. Y.

THE SNOWDRIFT.

When night dropped down, the fields were dark
And dim,
Storm spirits were out—we heard the north
Wind blow;
Then when arose the slowly wading sun,
Morning came mantled in a robe of snow.
White grew the landscape; every field and knoll
Shone forth transfigured by the snowstorm's
spell;
The trees and fences stood in motley droll
Half dark, half whitened by this miracle.
But where the stone wall held its Parian weight
Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apennine,
We saw a sculpture man could not create—
Smoothed off and chiseled by some touch
divine.
Mute wonder at the myriad-moulded snow,
Pure as the stars that sentinel the sky,
What Art could improvise and fashion so,
Unless some god-like power sped procreant by!
Here plinth and cornice, architrave and frieze,
Lift up a beauty to the day and sun,
And show the silver of the tinselled trees,
That never Phidias or Canova won.
—JOEL REUTON, in Country Life in America.

DAWN.

Dawn, let your shining wings
All that up heaves your
Open your dimness of cloudy wings
Into spreading golden fires,
And bring me my heart's desires.
Dawn, let your shining wings
Light on her golden head;
Tell her Love loves her sweeter things
Than can be said or sung;
As crown for her golden head.

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Old Santa Claus woke from his long winter nap,
Put on his fur overcoat, muffer and cap,
Then ordered his reindeer and harnessed the
bellies—
"For I must be up and off away,
Tomorrow is Christmas morning."
He blew on his horn for his Troopers so bold,
A myriad of them in numbers untold,
All mounted and booted in trappings so gay,
The roving host of his merry band.
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
At a wave of his hand the Dollies all come,
Both little and big ones, they walk and they run,
Dressed up in fine muslins, silks, velvets and
lace—
With ornament dancing on each pretty face.
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
He led to the fields where sugar plums grow,
Millions of trees of the most marvellous
and bushels came tumbling down
in ones and twos and threes and fours,
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
He pushes a button and tinkles galore
tune blitting and bustling right up to his door,
Horns, whistles and bells, drums, engines and
trains—
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
He brought gifts for our good girls and boys,
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
Now he is off for his long Christmas ride,
To visit the children who live far and wide,
To see their lives, and his sharp eyes can see
everything hanging up or bright Christmas tree,
For tomorrow is Christmas morning.
—GABRIELE STEWART.

CONTRASTS IN RHYMES.

As a lemon, as sweet as a nut,
As an atom, as big as a butt;
As a berry, as fair as a nun,
As a fortune, as sure as a gun;
As a snowball, as hot as a toast,
As a turkey, as pale as a ghost;
As a judge, as drunk as a prince,
As a dishcloth, as dry as a quince;
As a sackcloth, as fierce as a carrot,
As a nose, as soft as a dolt;
As a flounder, as round as a ball,
As an orange, as bitter as gall;
As a lily, as black as coal,
As a Dick's husband, as straight as a pole;
As a lap dog, as wild as a cat,
As a pears, as sound as a roach;
As a winter, as warm as a coach;
As a silk velvet, as rough as a file,
As a virtue, as sweet as a smile;
As a Seethen, as blind as a bat,
As a sheet, as black as my hat;
As a old ninety, as brisk as a bee,
As a foot's wit, as deep as the sea;
As a old Joe, as rich as a Jew;
As a dog as can be, as right as my shoe;
As a door nail, as tall as a tree,
As a you, as clever as me.
—ST. JAMES GAZETTE.

Miscellaneous.

The Gift of Joy.

A few flakes of snow added to the dreariness of a Chicago suburb where the fatness of the prairie is relieved by mean streets undeviatingly straight and a few denuded black spindles of trees. The grocery at the corner made its chief Christmas preparation in lack yellow turkeys and Tokay grapes with a palpable cold storage air in every sticky bunch. Nevertheless, sprigs of mistletoe and holly gleamed amid the baskets, and a barrel of this made a flicker of cheerful color on the dusky cement sidewalks outdoors. The sky was steel, into which curled sprays of white smoke. The air was villainous—damp and cold at once; and when the brougham stopped before the grocery, the driver drew his fur-lined coat more closely about him as he descended. Several boys, who had been practising with a football in a vacant lot, stopped to stare at the whistles and chains and the coachman's fur robe and cape. Broughams did not so often draw up before Simon Campbell's shop that they should escape notice. One of the boys pulled his coat out of the heap of coats on the ground and hastily yawned it about his slim shape. "I got to go," he explained; "somebody's come to see us."

"Don't just be discovered to have been changed in his cradle," cried a tall boy, who had the assured air of an acknowledged wit. "He's really a nephew of Potter Palmer, and his dad's come to fetch him home. Say, did you get on to his nibs' overcoat? Don, don't forget us; send us a box of oranges."

The other boys joined in the chaff; and Don himself smiled, but said nothing except, "I'll be round all right in the afternoon." Then his black hair and his thin legs hurried across the street. But when he came to the store, he found only his father, who nodded at him and said: "Don, will you mind the store a minute? I've business with a gentleman in the parlor. Don't let the Dales have anything except for cash. If Mrs. Burham comes in, show her that turkey, the biggest one, and the swamp cranberries. Don't press folks to buy, but just mention the jelly and the fruit to them—all all the fruit you want. Don't get cross if folks fuss because we don't keep as much as they do on State street. Best wash your hands and put on a white jacket—behold the door it is looking neater. Keep the shelves looking as well as you can."

Then his father slipped out of the side door. The shop was noticeably neat and even tasteful in its arrangement; so was the shopkeeper in his white jacket and apron. He had a fresh complexion, which even Chicago could not spoil, and slim white hands which trembled least in the world when he stroked his brown moustache and pushed a lock of brown hair off his forehead. At first glance he looked like thousands of city clerks, wiry, delicate, tired; but at second glance, one could find a look of experience and suppression in his irregular composed features, a hint of smouldering fire in his quiet eyes. At this moment they were not quiet; a spark had kindled in them which was as the deep reflection of a fire on shore in the water. There was an unusual note in the man's voice, also, a note of foreboding, the control of a vibration; he seemed to be holding it even, by force. The voice itself was of most attractive quality, with admirable enunciation; unmistakably a trained voice.

He walked into the little parlor and was opposite his guest, better to tell you, he perceived. There was no reflection of the taste in the shop to interest one in the parlor's gilt and plush furniture and the Japanese rugs on the Brussels carpet. The stranger shook hands with a certain flourish. He was a short, dark, foreign man, with very bright dark eyes and very white teeth, between mobile lips that now were smiling brilliantly.

"Ah, this is a pleasure; I see you expected me," he said. His English was perfect; there was the merest shade of foreign precision in his rendering of words.

"I got your letter, signor," answered Simon Campbell. He proffered a chair as he spoke, and almost in the same motion a box of cigars. "They are domestic stogies," he said, with a touch of defiance and a touch of apology blended in his tones, "but they are fairly good, better than the cigars in the other box, which are the best which the customers I have will let me keep."

"If you will excuse," the other apologized, "I am a poor cigarette victim; you will excuse me. He had his case out, and Simon nuttily proffered him a lighted match. Then, with a very faint smile, he lighted one of his own stogies. He waited for the other man to speak.

"Well, and about the letter?" said the other man. "You can't fail to appreciate the advantages for the boy, a thorough musical training the most liberal share in the profits of his concert; and the opportunity to become a great artist."

"Nevertheless, I think I must decline," said Simon.

"Decline? Aren't you satisfied with the percentage?"

"It seems to me as much as I could expect. You want to make some money yourself; you are taking all the risks; it is only fair you should have the lion's share. I'm not kicking."

"What is the matter, then?"

"I suppose it is that I don't want the boy to be a singer."

"But he sings now in the church choir?"

"I know, but it's a small church; it doesn't distract him much. And—he can't clap at churches?"

The visitor stared. He had a sympathetic face. It was plain he was trying to comprehend.

"May I tell you a little story?" said Simon.

"Surely," murmured the visitor, who was frowning in a deeper perplexity.

"Do you remember about twenty years ago—no, you were too young for it, but you may have heard of him—a singer they called The Marvelous Boy, who had a good soprano—"

"Good!" cried the visitor. "He had a wonderful, wonderful voice—such sweetness, such pathos, such subtlety, such purity of tone—marvellous boy, indeed!"

"I was he," said Simon, smiling his same slight and mischievous smile.

The visitor glanced at him keenly; he was too polite to look doubtful. "I had thought he was dead," he murmured. "I remember he lost his voice—and disappeared."

"Precisely," said Simon, "disappeared. That is the word for it. I knew my fate too well to tempt it, when I found instead of the marvellous boy an organ which had been mine I had nothing more nor less than beautiful method and a mediocre tone voice. I—disappeared. I went back to my mother, who had moved, luckily, to another quarter of the town. To me from the organ to the south of the East to the West is like moving into another State. I had a few thousands; I bought a little business; I worked; I married the girl who had always loved me; I have a home and a good business now. I shall never be rich, but I have a competence. If I had never known another life and another world I should be happy, but I have, and it haunts me; it always will. This boy is my only child; I love him better than anything in the world—except his mother, of course." He looked at a sidelong glance at his visitor, who was listening with an inscrutable manner of respect, gathering into his soul, apparently, a multitude of unexpected impressions. "I love him," repeated Simon Campbell, "and I am going to give him a knife and fork, the same old people did, a little girl had come dancing out of another room and stood in front of him. Joe had never heard of an angel, but he had had dreams, when he lay upon his back of a summer day, gazing into the blue sky and listening to the sounds of best pleased him. And now this vision in a white dress with hair shining like gold and eyes soft and blue—this child made him feel that his dreams were true after all.

The little girl, who had been looking at Joe, and then, spying a great wall on his face (the result of an unavailing encounter with his drunken father), the child put off her tiny, white hand and touched it softly. "Poor Joe," she said, "Flossie kiss it and it will be all well."

"Ho! 'tain't know," said he, jumping to his feet. "I didn't know as 'twas there. But I'll bring you a kitten. Do ye like kittens? I see a stray one this mornin'—a beauty!"

Joe did bring the kitten, and every day after that when he passed the house, Flossie smiled upon him and waved a goodby as he trotted along. Joe did not go to the gray house now to ask for food, although he never failed to pass the place sometimes twice a day. In the course of time he began to have something of a home feeling for the gray house. He felt, when he looked at it, that it sheltered some one who never asked questions about him.

One day as Joe was passing the schoolhouse he saw a little girl, who had been looking at him, and then, spying a great wall on his face (the result of an unavailing encounter with his drunken father), the child put off her tiny, white hand and touched it softly. "Poor Joe," she said, "Flossie kiss it and it will be all well."

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body when he died; but he could hold out his little arms to me, and he would laugh, laugh—'I was sweeter than any violin! I loved him—I can't tell you about how I loved him; but—do not dare tell me that I do not understand how you feel to your son. Then there are two questions for you to answer: What shall make the most for your son's happiness?—"

"For that, said Simon, "what shall be the best for his soul, also?"

The other man did not raise his shoulders in the expected shrug of contempt; instead, he gravely inclined his head. "You are right," said he—"what shall make the best for his soul also?—I see it will not be happiness, only intoxication and every kind of intoxication passes! But, again, I tell you that if your son, who ought to be a singer, makes himself or you make him into something else, he will miss his highest happiness. And I tell you something else: There is another question for you to consider: Have you the right to take that boy's voice from the world? You are a good man; everybody will tell you so. I don't deny it—I am distinctly not a good man. I don't have a son when I sit at an hour with my conscience—I am often ashamed of myself; but I have never in all my wasted and unprincipled life done such a wicked thing as you, you good man, propose, when you would deprive the world of—"

"Of a sweet voice. What does that count?"

"It counts more than you can possibly know. What is the thing which the world, old and sad and weary, tired of its hideous wrangle and its struggle against itself, what does it need, what does it crave most?"

"Rest," said Simon.

"No," said he, "no, you mistake, we are not so tired as that; what the world craves, what the world needs, is joy! Joy is the real persuader to goodness. Pure joy is the love itself; there is no joy in the garment of love itself. And the little joys, the moments of happiness, they are fleeting, but they are eternal. The heart that can respond to them is forever young. We need joy, most of all people. We need joy, a civilized enough to enjoy without too much analysis. And it is art which gives pure joy, impersonal, absolute. Of all the arts, also, does not music own the most penetrating joy? Do you dare to deprive the world of the joy that your son can bring it?"

He stopped; and his face changed. The shop being empty, almost unconsciously Donald had begun to sing. The voice hushed both men. It was such a sing, as cannot be forgotten, not so much in its quality, although its limpid sweetness was not more wonderful than its delicious ease of utterance and its range—as in its thrilling tenderness. He sang a Christmas hymn, which he was to sing on the morrow:

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings untroubled,
And still their heavenly music floats
Above us and about our plains.
Above us and about our plains,
They bend on hovering wings,
And over our life's sad winds
The blessed angels sing.

The artist's eyes filled with tears. He looked at the father, who turned abruptly and went to a window, staring out on the darkening street. At that moment, however, he was very pale. He laid a hand on the other's shoulder and it was a hand which trembled. "I cannot do it," he said. "You knew I couldn't do it."

"God made that voice," said the artist. "He made it like an angel's to do an angel's work. Tell him it is my Christmas gift to him."

"Go in," said Simon, frowning, "take him; but it is not you that have overcome me. It was his own voice."

And when the artist had passed through the door, he sank into a chair and covered his face. But the glorious voice took up the song again:

Oh, ye beneath the earth's crushing load,
Whom sorrow, pain, and grief oppress,
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

—OCTAVE THANE, in The Churchman.

Don't's Department.

AN EMPTY NEST.
Never a sign in this empty nest
Of the love that mated, the love that sung.
The birds are flown to the east and west,
And the husk of their love has no tongue
To tell of the sweet, still summer days;
Only a nest in the falling leaves,
And silence here in the wood's dark maze.

THE GRAY HOUSE.
"Poor, little ragged old man," that is what the people called Joe, when they saw him trotting along the street or hanging on the outskirts of pines and clambakes. He was always on the streets, and it seemed quite necessary that he should be; for his daily food was not provided for him as it is for most children, and he was forced to seek for it wherever the conditions seemed most promising. He had been on the road so long now that he knew the possibilities of every house in town. Monday he got his dinner at a little brown house near the postoffice. That was the only house in town which would tolerate him as often as once a week. Every other Tuesday he was sure of a meal at a new white house, next the brown house. Every third Wednesday he called at a brick house, where there was always a great deal of cooking going on. Joe would like to have called there every week, because they gave him fresh doughnuts; but the cook wouldn't give him around other than once in three weeks.

A large gray house was Joe's favorite rendezvous. There they took him into the kitchen and placed a real bona fide hot dinner before him. Once, when he was there trying to eat with a knife and fork, the same old people did, a little girl had come dancing out of another room and stood in front of him. Joe had never heard of an angel, but he had had dreams, when he lay upon his back of a summer day, gazing into the blue sky and listening to the sounds of best pleased him. And now this vision in a white dress with hair shining like gold and eyes soft and blue—this child made him feel that his dreams were true after all.

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He pounded on the window, and tried to open it. He made up faces and grinned alternately, and every now and then he assumed a relieved with fresh howls of terror. At length, Joe found that he could open one of the windows. So he climbed up, and putting his head into the room, demanded the bread and jam.

"If ye give me the bread and jam, I'll go off; but if ye don't I'll get in and eat ye," said Joe, trying hard not to grin.

"The great slices of bread were immediately handed up to him; and then Joe, true to his word, trotted off, devouring the bread as he went.

Two days after this Joe was again trotting up the street just at noon. As he reached the school building, he stopped suddenly, and began to sing.

"Spose they're inside?" asked the child, addressing the lamp-post. "Guess I'll take a look. Ain't got to take their old bread and jam this time. Don't know how to climb up the window. But this time, instead of looking down upon two little turned faces, there were three of them for Joe to deal with—two with eyes fast filling with tears, and the third radiant with delight.

"That's Joe!" cried the owner of the radiant eyes, springing up and stretching out her hands eagerly toward the window.

"Come in, Joe, and see Flossie."

"Oh, no," shouted the two frightened children, "he'll eat us!"

Joe didn't wait to hear more. He dropped from the window and started down the street.

"That's her, and she'll bite ye," he kept saying to himself. "She won't never wait out for me no more." And poor little heathen Joe wiped the tears from his cheeks with the frayed edge of his coat-sleeve.

Presently he stopped and listened. Some one was calling his name—"Joe! Joe! Joe!" and a little white figure with flying curls and flashing eyes came panting up to him. "They said you was a thief, those naughty, bad girls; and you said you was Joe!" demanded Flossie.

Poor Joe looked into the child's eyes, and said never a word.

"You take me home, Joe," she said, never guessing that his silence was a confession of guilt. "I don't know where I live."

"Come," said Joe, taking her by the little white hand and turning toward the gray house.

"I'll never go a-visiting to that school again. Those little girls didn't ought to call you a thief, Joe. They're bad, and they said 'twas you that's bad!" Joe had time to collect his wits, he was standing before Flossie's mother, and Flossie was running across the lawn after the kitten.

"She punched the little girl's head," blurted Joe, standing at the foot of the steps and grinning with pride and delight.

"Punched a little girl's head," repeated Flossie's mother, wonderingly. "Who did? Not Flossie?"

"Yep," said Joe, nodding and grinning more and more.

"Why, Joe! how did that happen? I never knew Flossie to hurt any one."

"They called me names, those gals; and she didn't like it," said the spunky, sheik. And Joe's black eyes shone with a gleam of defiance.

Flossie's mother sat still and looked into Joe's face for almost a minute.

"Why did the little girls call you names, Joe?"

Joe dug his toes into the driveway.

"Perhaps you did something to make them. Did you?"

Joe glanced up. "I did that," he said. "I took their bread and jam, but I wasn't going to do again. I ain't got 'tard nothin' from 'traid-cats."

Before any one spoke again, Joe had dug quite a large hole in the driveway.

"Joe," said Flossie's mother at last, "my little girl has a great deal to tell you. She says she's been kitting for you; and she tells her dolls about you—how good you are, and kind. Every night, when she says her prayers, she asks God to take care of you. She never forgets it, Joe."

Joe dug his toes deeper and deeper into the sand.

"It would break her heart, were she forced to believe some things about you."

Joe looked up. The grin had vanished, and the lines had deepened again between his eyes.

"He ye goin' tell her?" he asked.

Flossie's mother got up quickly and came down the steps. Her spool of cotton rolled away, the sashors fell through a crack in the floor. She stood on the lowest step, close to where Joe stood.

"Joe," she said, "I wouldn't tell her for the world; but—what can we do? She'll find it out some day. I can't keep it from her ways."

Joe resumed his digging.

"But you, Joe—Oh, Joe, why not be the nd of boy Flossie thinks you are?"

Joe looked up again, and met the brave eyes full of encouragement.

"I do," he said. "I wouldn't tell her for the world; but—what can we do? She'll find it out some day. I can't keep it from her ways."

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these are found in the ponds in spring, whither they go, if not there already, to deposit their eggs or "spawn." With the efficient help of true toads and tree-toads they make up the nocturnal orchestra of the ponds made hideous or melodious, depending entirely upon the audience. The orchestra is in tune with nature. What a few strong voices sometimes drown out the fainter ones? One must needs sit down on a log and become a part of the landscape. Then the music begins, perhaps with a bass solo. A few Irish notes, then, gathering volume, it will soon wake the echoes, Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom! Resonant, booming, manful it is worth going miles to hear.—Mary Rogers Miller, in Country Life in America.

Notes and Queries.

EQUINOCTIAL STORMS.—"R. W. C." The belief that the sun's crossing the equator in the spring and the fall causes atmospheric disturbances dies hard, but it is dying for all that. It is true, as a rule, that we have such disturbances about the middle of March and the middle of September, but the mere "crossing of the line" by the sun does not produce them, as many persons believe. The disturbances are due to atmospheric changes that take place over the equatorial belt when the cold season gives place to the warm, and when the warm season gives place to the cold. It has been shown by carefully kept records in England during the week following the equinox that during the week of the equinox. That the sun's passing an imaginary line should cause a storm is absurd from the scientist's standpoint, but it is not, as a rule, that the storms are caused by the sun's position in the sky. There is no objection to calling the storms equinoctial because they occur at the equinoctial season, but there is objection to applying that term to them because they are expected on the equinoctial date.

ASTIGMATISM IS AN OPTICAL CONDITION.—"Young Artist." One hears mention of astigmatism, and to the uninitiated the word implies anything between cataract and crossed eyes. As a fact, explains a writer in the New York Times, astigmatism is an optical condition, in which the image is not focussed completely on the retina. Part of the image is clear and part blurred. Some of the light rays focus at the retina, and some in front of behind it. That is, why, looking at lines drawn in a circle, at angles, like the figures on a clock dial or the spokes of a wheel, some of the figures or spokes appear blurred and others clear. The rays do not reflect from the blurred lines do not focus. Astigmatism requires for its correction the proper cylindrical lenses. These lenses are also either convex or concave, and affect only certain parts of the field of vision, owing to their peculiar focal powers. They are so adjusted as to make clear the blurred portion of the eyesight, and do not affect the clear part, hence the whole image is cleared, and the strain relieved. All kinds of complications in eyesight are found. Far sight with astigmatism, near sight with astigmatism, plain far-sighted astigmatism, plain near-sighted astigmatism, and in a few cases, both far and near astigmatism in the same eye.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.—"W. F. H." Brookton: Rural free delivery, according to the report of the Postmaster-General, is being rapidly extended. The number of routes in operation increased from 1276 at the beginning of the last fiscal year to 4301 at its close; and under the present plans the number of routes by the first of next July will be eighty-eight hundred. By that date the rural population receiving daily service will reach 5,700,000, and the delivery system will then cover more than a quarter of the eligible portion of the country. The President, Nov. 27, issued an order putting the entire rural free delivery service under the classified civil service.

THE CUR IN "RICHARD III."—"Constant Reader." We think the anecdote to which you refer is embodied in the following: During one of Charles Dillon's engagements at Belfast, when playing Mabeth, he arrived at the scene when he should repeat the well-known line: "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lout," but no messenger appeared before him. Rushing to the wing, Dillon called out, "Why don't you come on, sir?"

"I'm waiting for my cue, sir," replied the actor.

"You've got it, sir," said Dillon.

"No, I've not, the one Barry Sullivan always gives me."

"What is that?"

"Come on, you d—d idiot."

THE XANTHOUS TREATY.—"H. R. W." The new canal treaty with Great Britain differs from the treaty which the Senate amended and Great Britain rejected in several particulars. It expressly declares that the treaty supersedes the Clayton-Bulwer Convention of 1850. It omits the third article of the earlier treaty, which invited the adherence of other powers. It drops from the rules of neutralization the clause which provided that no fortifications should be erected commanding the deep-sea and inland waters. It adds a new article, in which it is provided that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the canal shall affect either the general principle of the canalization or the obligations of the contracting parties. Under the treaty the United States has the exclusive right to construct and regulate the canal and is the sole guarantor of its neutrality, but the canal is to be open on equal terms to the ships of commerce and war of all nations.

Historical.

The Americans having so closely invested Boston, the British commander judged it prudent to evacuate the town, which they did on the seventeenth of March, 1776, taking with them fifteen hundred of the inhabitants, who dared not stay on account of their attachment to the British cause.

For three years subsequent to the defeat of Braddock, Washington superintended the troops of Virginia, in which highly dangerous service he continued until peace was given to the frontier of his native colony, by the reduction of Fort Duquesne, an enterprise undertaken in conformity with his repeated solicitations and accompanied by himself at the head of his own regiment. Soon afterwards he retired to his estate at Mount Vernon, and pursued the life of peaceful life.

Montgomery was in every way worthy of being the conqueror of Wolfe. In talents, in military skill, in personal courage, he was not his inferior. Nor was his death much less sublime. He lived to be carried to the city, where his last moments were employed in writing, with his own hand, a letter to the English general, recommending the French prisoners to his care and humanity. When informed that his wound was mortal, he replied, "I shall not then live to see the surrender of Quebec."

The reduction of Stony Point, July 15, 1779, was one of the boldest enterprises which occurred in the Revolutionary War. Stony Point is forty miles north of New York, on the Hudson. At this time Stony Point was in the condition of a real fortress. It was furnished with a select garrison of more than six hundred men, and had stores in abundance, and defensive preparations which were formidable. Fortified as it was, General Washington ventured an attempt to reduce it, and neither the inundated morass, nor a double palisade, nor the storm of fire that poured upon them could arrest the impetuosity of the Americans. They opened their way with the bayonet, pressed wherever opposed them, scaled the fort, and the two columns met in the centre of the works. The English lost upwards of six hundred men in killed and prisoners. The conquerors abstained from pillage and from any harsh treatment of the more worthy of them. They had still present in mind the ravages and butcheries which their enemies had so recently committed in Virginia and Connecticut.

In the year 1747, a great tumult was raised in the town of Boston. Commodore Knowles, while lying at Nantucket with a number of men of war, losing some of his sailors by desertion, thought it reasonable that Boston should supply him with as many men as he had lost. He therefore sent his boats up town early in the morning, and surprised not only as many seamen as could be found on board of any of the boats outward

bound as well as others, but swept the wharves, taking some ship-carpenters' apprentices [and landmen]. This conduct was resented. As soon as it was dusk, several people assembled in King street, below the town-house, where the general court were sitting. Stones and bricks were thrown into the council chamber through the windows. A judicious speech of the governor from the balcony, disapproving of the impress and promising his utmost endeavors to obtain the discharge of the persons impressed, had no effect. The seizure and restraint of the commanders and other officers who were in town were insisted upon as the only effectual method to procure the release of the inhabitants on board the ships. The militia was summoned in aid of the government, but refused to appear. Letters in the meantime passed between the governor and the commander. The council and House of Representatives now passed several vigorous resolutions and the tumultuous spirit began to subside. Finally the commodore dismissed most, if not all, of the inhabitants who had been impressed, and the squadron sailed.

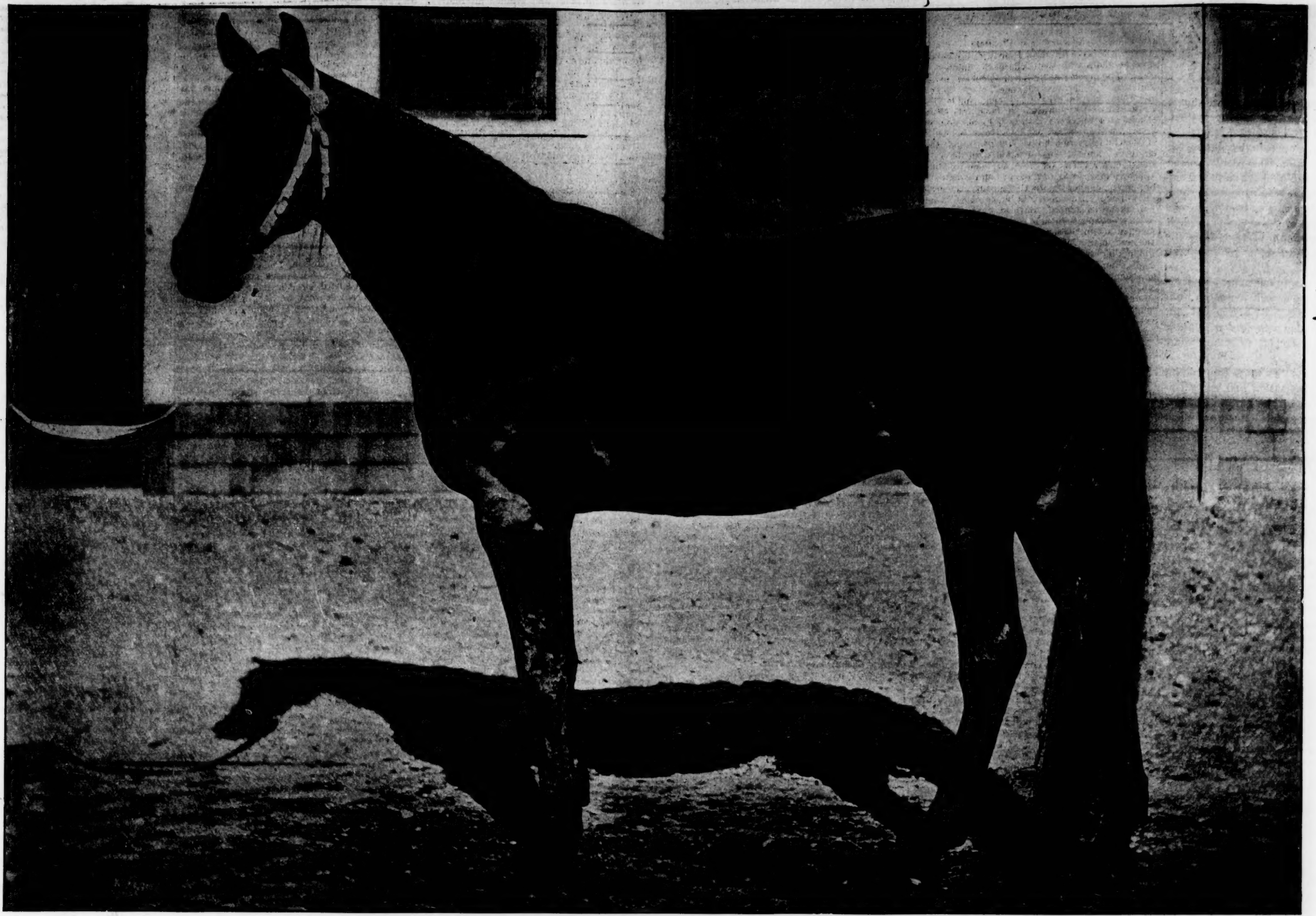
Home Dressmaking.

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3597 Boy's Box Plaited Dress.

2 and 4 years.



AMERICAN HORSE BREEDER,

PEDLAR, 2.18 1-2.

The Horse.

The Future of Dreamworld.

Kindly print the following items, which may be of interest to your readers:

Beginning Jan. 1, Grant Page, my present trainer, will be superintendent of the trotting department of my farm, Dreamworld, and Thomas Marsh will be head trainer.

My entire trotting stable, now numbering about one hundred head, will be gathered at Dover, where they will remain until April, when they will be moved to the farm.

What I said the other day in regard to not campaigning my stable next year seems to have been misunderstood by the horse journals, who make it read as though none of my horses would ever again be seen at the races. This is not the idea that I intended to convey, but simply that my racing stable was not to "go the Grand Circuit" next season. I expect to "try out" now and then during the season those horses which in my opinion should be "marked," and perhaps one or two that have already been "marked," such as Oxford Boy or Boralma.

Take, for instance, Boralma. If there is any one who has an idea at the present time he owns a horse the equal of Boralma, and thinks so, strongly enough to make a match now for anything from \$50,000 to \$20,000, best three in five, twenty-five per cent. forfeit to be deposited now, twenty-five per cent. June 1, and the balance the night before the race, Lord Derby, The Abbot or Cresceus preferred, let him speak up, and if his voice sounds pleasant, I think we can come to an interesting agreement; or better still, if the owners of Cresceus, Lord Derby and The Abbot will get together, I will race one at Hartford for \$5000 a side, one at Roadville for the same amount, and the third one at Lexington for the same amount, and if the three combine I can win a majority of the three races I to pay them \$10,000; if not, they to pay me \$10,000, one-half of the gate receipts of each of the three races to go to local charities to be named by the winner or the track association.

It is true, as has been published, I have tried to buy Daredevil from the Messrs. Hamlin for \$25,000, and they will not part with him. If another \$25,000 would bring him I would pay it, yes, I will pay today just \$30,000 for him.

One other thing: During the past two years, whenever a horse journal was discussing show, high-stepping stallions, they have delighted in describing my Glorious Red Cloud as over twenty years old when he took the championship two years ago. Glorious Red Cloud was foaled on April 24, 1880, and will be this coming April twelve years old. The sire of his dam, Red Cloud Sr., now standing in Kentucky, is twenty this year, and Glorious Red Cloud's sire, The King, now standing in Kentucky, is eighteen this year. Both Red Cloud Sr. and The King are out of the same dam, Belle, a noted Kentucky mare, Red Cloud, by Harrison Chief, and The King, by Indian Chief. Believe me,

Yours truly,
THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Northern New York Horse Interests.
The following clipped from the St. Lawrence Plain Dealer may be of interest to your numerous readers in St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

J. R. Hooper, who has been trainer for the St. Lawrence Stock Farm at Canton for the last seven years, has started on his own hook as a public trainer and opened a training stable in Canton "Jud," as he is commonly known among the horsemen of northern New York, has won for himself the reputation of being a careful, reliable and successful trainer and handler of harness horses. Although somewhat young in years, having commenced at his chosen vocation when in his teens and worked from the bottom up, still he has given records to some of the best horses in this section.

Among those he has given records may be mentioned Morley King (2.14), pacing), Mabel Vaughn (2.21), pacing), the trotters, Lora J. (2.17), Vera (2.18), Bonnie Sid (2.21), Larrie Russ (2.24),

Bonnie G. (2.24), Princewood (2.24), and he also drove Ben (2.19) to the record of 2.21, and after Jessie Sheridan took her record of 2.21 he drove her to equal her former record. He also gave Asker a three-year-old pacing record of 2.24 which is the champion record for any three-year-old pacer ever foaled in St. Lawrence County, and the colts he has handled have won more Canton Futurity money than have colts driven by any other one driver.

A great deal of "Jud's" success is largely owing to his strict sobriety and steady attention to his particular line of business,—qualities which go a long way towards making any one successful in the different walks of life. "Jud" is starting off well. He has at present in his stable Edna (2.17), trotter, by Regal Wilkes, Nellie V. (2.18), trotter, by Toddlers Jr. 2291, Tennis V. (2.21), by Ashby V. 2427, a green trotter called Mark, by Alfred G., the sire of Charley Herr (2.07), Nellie King, sired by Kingly, son of Mam, bino King. These horses are owned by Mr. E. E. Lanson of Montreal, Canada, and will be raced in this section next season.

"Jud" also has Celia (2.16), pacer, by Prince Barkis, Guy, bay horse, by Alcyonum, Miss Ale, chestnut mare, by Alcyonum, Ned Wilkes, bay gelding, by Apollo Wilkes, Joe Pointer, chestnut colt, by Sidney Pointer, Mimes, brown colt, by Sheridan Chimes, and a two-year-old brother to Ale (2.13). "Jud" is certainly worthy of public patronage, and it looks as though he would be successful in his new venture. ALGERNON.

Notes from Providence, R. I.

First of all, I want to congratulate you upon your Christmas number, which is the best at tempted along the line of weekly papers. Its neatness was a feature of the issue, and the contents teemed with interesting and valuable data; in fact, horsemen in this section spoke in the highest praises of the paper. I was sorry that I could not contribute an article for the paper, but, to tell the truth, I did not have any live news and mere idle gossip would have been out of place in your issue.

There is but little happening in the horse line in this city. Since I wrote you last we have had a right fall of snow, and a few have ventured out with sleighs, but there is not anything doing on the avenue in the speed line. The weather has held cold here some time, and had we had a good fall of snow, we now would be enjoying excellent sleighing.

A year ago Christmas there was a little sleighing on the avenue, but at that time I was in New York and missed the fun. I note that quite a number of the regulars whom I have run into stated they visited New York recently. Colonel Goff regrets his sale of Wilask, and says he wishes he had retained the son of Wilton. Wilask, which got a mark as the fastest new performer in 1899, is certainly a handsome stallion.

The annual meeting of the driving association

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A SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE CURE.

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It is a powerful remedy for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc.

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was due the first Tuesday in January, the 7th inst. The executive committee is going to hold a meeting and make arrangements to give some form of an entertainment at the meeting which has been postponed until later in the month. The last quarterly meeting was not held, which, perhaps, was just as well under the circumstances. To be perfectly frank, I think that the interest in the association is quite dead, and that only a strong infusion of the proper spirit will prolong the life of the organization. I should like to see, and I am not alone in the matter, a new organization, or rather the present one reorganized. No association like the present one, with its big membership, and containing hundreds of disinterested members, will ever be a success. What social club or organization is a success with the members not attending its functions. And so it is with the driving association. Fully ninety per cent. care not for the association nor do they take any interest.

This brings to my mind the discussion of the dues question, which the board of managers turned down some time ago. At that time there were members who were willing to reorganize the association and install dues. I am a firm believer that a small club with fifty members, all interested in the welfare of the club, and with yearly dues, would do more to boom the horse game in this city than a dozen associations such as we have at present. The object of the driving association was to bring about that much-coveted movement, a speedway. Now I flatter myself that I know a thing or two about the speedway and why we did not get one, but I must reiterate my statement some time ago, and that is, politics should not enter into the matter, for that has killed more than one worthy cause.

As for a speedway I doubt very much if we get one in this city for quite a number of years to come, and under the present conditions the city will never grant the horsemen a place to speed. I have heard it stated "for the park commissioners propose to give a road in the Park for speeding, as Reservoir avenue will be spoiled by the electric cars, which, in the spring, will run not driven, and had no trouble with him until the ground froze this winter, since which time he has developed soreness, and I can't drive him, although his feet are wide and the frog soft. Please prescribe for him.

Answer: To relieve the condition that you describe, I should remove his shoes and poultice both feet until all fever had subsided. Then replace the springs and blister his coronets several times at intervals of two weeks between. This will remove the soreness and perhaps prevent him from being permanently lame.

R. L. A.: Please advise best feed for a weanling and yearling colt. Have been feeding oats and bran and a little corn, but they don't seem to grow as fast as I wish. Have fed liberally of above mentioned food. These colts seem to be healthy and lively, but I wish to hurry their growth if possible with safety to their limbs. Is it a good plan to breed a filly that is twenty-six months old? What feed would you suggest for a mare that is in foal and running idle.

Answer: If they are not full of worms the manner in which you have fed each ought to be sufficient to keep them growing. Make an examination for the presence of worms, and if they exist take prompt measures to get rid of them, for the horses won't thrive if they suffer from these pests. I see no harm in breeding the filly at that age. A liberal supply of good oats, bran and hay should be given the brood mare.

E. A. I.: I have a mare that has warts in both ears and has had them for eighteen months. The only way I can get a bridle over them is by using castor oil on her nose. They are not the kind we had as boys going to school, but are large, the size of a half dollar, and seem to go through the ears. I have used lard and burned them with nitric acid, also used corn salve, but all to no avail. Can you tell me how to cure them?

Answer: The only way to permanently get rid of them is to cast her and have them carefully dissected out, and when the parts have healed she will give you no further trouble.

F. C. P.: The small glands on each side of my three-year-old stallion's neck are swollen quite badly. It does not trouble his wind any yet. Is there any danger of them doing so, and what treatment would you suggest for removing them?

Answer: To reduce the size of the glands I would suggest that you blister his throat twice at an interval of two weeks between. This will hasten absorption and prevent serious consequences, otherwise he is liable to become thick-winded.

Subscriber: I have a four-year-old mare that has blotches on her hind leg. She also has scratches a little in one foot. Please prescribe.

Answer: The condition that you describe is owing to a deranged condition of the blood, and it is nature's mode of ridding the system of the poisonous element. Try the following: Epsom salts, three pounds; powdered charcoal, nitrate of potash, bicarbonate soda and coriander seed, of each one-half pound. Mix and give her a tablespoonful in bran and oats three times a day for six weeks. For the scratches send for a box of my Cuticle, and use according to directions. For the weak ankles two or three blisters will strengthen them very materially.

C. H. M. Maine: While halter-breaking a weanling colt two months ago, he reared up and fell over backwards, striking his head on the ground. For a time afterward he seemed to have trouble reaching down after grass in the pasture. Her neck seems a little stiff now and she holds her head slantingly, with her nose pointing towards the right. Can you prescribe for her?

Answer: To guard against her developing poll evil, which invariably is the result of such an accident, I should apply a strong blister to the seat of injury, and repeat it in two or three weeks if necessary. You will be lucky if you can prevent an abscess from forming. If there is a good veterinary surgeon in your vicinity, you better call him in and have him make an examination, as it looks as if your colt was badly injured.

Kitty McGregor (dam of Margaret Smith, 2.20), by Robert McGregor (2.17), dam, Kate Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen 38, died Dec. 30, property of Gratton Stock Farm, Prairie View, Ill. A post-mortem revealed the peculiar fact that her over-loaded stomach burst. She was in foal to Cecilia (2.22).

The Western trainer, W. H. Ewing, who brought out the good race mare Chrysolite (2.13), and who first became famous through his campaign with the gray trotter Dandy Jim, that afterwards took a record of 2.00, announces that he will forsake the calling of traveling salesman and again take to the trotters.

L. E. Brown, Delavan, Ill., recently sold to Frank McDowell, Sharpsville, Pa., the highly bred weanling stallion Baron Luthy, brother to Queen's Baron (2.18). The youngster is by Baron Bel (2.14); dam, Queen of the West, by Baron Wilkes (2.18); second dam, Kife (dam of one and granddam of Alvas, 2.04), by Enfield (2.29); third dam, Heel and Toe Fanny (dam of Jecett, 2.14, and five producing daughters).

German Peat Moss, now used most extensively in Europe, is imported for stable purposes by C. B. Barrett, Boston. Send to him at once for descriptive circular.

Allen Farm

KREMLIN, 2.07 3-4, the fastest and gamest race horse of his day, will make the season of 1902 at the nominal fee of \$50 this season. KREMLIN is the sire of Allenka, 2.13 1-4; Rival, 2.18 3-4; Frank W., 2.19 1-4; Krinklewood, 2.19 1-4; Kavala, 2.19 3-4; Kwanon, 2.20 1-2; Reno K., 2.20 1-4; Kaskia, 2.22 1-4; Mary Kremlin, 2.22 1-4; Krishna, 2.24 1-4; Bither, 2.25 1-2; Krakauer, 2.26; Kamares, 2.26; Kamerun, 2.26 1-4; Khakan, 2.26 1-2; Krakatoa, 2.27 3-4; Kamala, 2.28; Kathay, 2.29 1-2; Kalevala, 2.30; Kazan, trial 2.18 1-2; Bravura, trial 2.21; Kakichi, trial 2.22; Kavalli, trial 2.26; Karos, trial 2.30; and of Kiosk, 2.31, the sire of Gonfalon, 2.29; and of Krem Marie, the dam of Maud Marie, 2.20 1-2; and Alice Kremlin, the dam of Jimmy Michael, 2.23 1-2.

Send for December Price List in which are priced 88 head of horses of various ages.

WM. RUSSELL ALLEN, Pittsfield, Mass.

SEASON OF 1902 **EDGEWOOD FARM** SEASON OF 1902

PEDLAR
12908. RECORD 2.18 1-2.

Sire of Anniell's Pedlar, 2.18 1-2; Trader, 2.25 1-4; Princess of Cedars, 2.23 1-2; Cold Cash, p. 2.17 1-2; Oudray, p. 2.16 1-2; Elspeth, p. trial 2.12 1-2.

\$50.00 with usual return.

JOHN H. QUINN, Supt., EDGEWOOD FARM, North Grafton, Worcester Co., Mass.

ELECTMONT 2.22

Electmont, 2.22 1-4, is sired by Chimes; dam by Mambrino King; 16 hands, weight 1180. He is full brother in blood to The Abbot, 2.03 1-4; Lord Derby, 2.06 1-2; The Monk, 2.08 1-4; Devil, 2.09; and Lady of the Manor, 2.04 1-4. He would be hard to find a more beautiful stallion with his size and finish in New England. He is bound to be a great sire of extreme speed, and his colts are large and handsome.

Season of 1902. **FEE \$25.00.** Address CONN. RIVER STOCK FARM, Hatfield, Mass.

...FORBES FARM...

The Champion Stallion Trotter of ...1898 and 1899...

BINGEN, 2.06 1-4

Sire of Admiral Dewey, 3, 2.14 1-4; Bingen, Jr., 2.13 3-4, and the phenomenal two-year-old, Todd.

Book Now Open. TERMS FOR 1902, \$200.

A limited number of outside mares will be accepted. Apply early as his book is fast filling up.

Fee for stallion service due when mare is served.

...J. P. HALL, Ponkapog, Mass.